THE NATION

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The Pendleton Brig

ANDERSONVILLE-BY-THE-SEA

ROBERT G. SHERRILL

Whitey's on the Moon Now

WILLIAM EASTLAKE

What Consumers Need

Show Biz or Hard Facts

A. Q. MOWBRAY

HENRY S. KARIEL on LIBERALISM

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LETTERS

terror from without

Los Angeles, Calif.

DEAR SIRS: Generally I liked the review, "Kremlinology: Power and Terror" by David Joravsky [*The Nation*, July 28]. However, I question the date 1918-21 as one of the four great spasms of terror. This one was different from the others. This one was completely externally induced. During the three-year period 1918-21, thirteen countries including the United States had armies of intervention on the new Soviet soil trying to abort the coming of the first Socialist state. The peasant General Chapayev was one of the heroes of this great patriotic time.

David Seidman

and you still can't buy one

Andover, Mass.

DEAR SIRS: Willis Park Rokes's article, "The Ma Bell Rental Agency" [*The Nation*, June 30], at first merely annoyed me, but then disturbed me greatly, for it raised doubts in my mind about the credibility of a journal which I had come to respect.

I retired from the Bell System last year after almost forty-one years of service, for all but a few months of which I was a design engineer with the Bell Telephone Laboratories. I am not a "Ma Bell right or wrong" type by any means, although I am proud of the accomplishments of the Bell System and of my involvement in it. Mr. Rokes's Naderesque tirade is, at least in its technical references, either a work of ignorance, or its intent is to mislead the reader by deliberately eliminating significant information. He sneers at a long-lived handset—does he have any idea what it costs to make a repair visit to a subscriber? He excoriates the "snaillike pace of telephone innovation"—does he want Bell to junk 80 million telephone sets every three or four years?

The reference presumably is to the present standard ("500 type") telephone set, in the design of which I was deeply involved. Doesn't he know that this telephone set also provides increased efficiency on long subscriber lines (thus eliminating the need for special equipment for such service)? Hasn't he noted the lighter and more convenient handset? Hasn't he even observed the marked improvement in voice naturalness compared with earlier apparatus? Isn't he aware of a very meaningful reduction in needed maintenance? Regardless of whether he actually did not know, or handled the facts selectively, it makes me wonder about the rest of the article.

For most of us, the credibility of an article is colored by its accuracy when it touches on an area in which we ourselves are knowledgeable. Your publication of Mr. Rokes's article makes me wonder how many other discussions in *The Nation* should be viewed with suspicion. . . .

Wilson R. Neisser

Omaha, Neb.

DEAR SIRS: Mr. Neisser's letter reflects the artisan's justifiable pride in the "long-lived handset," but again, it ignores the economic principle of obsolescence. Mr. Neisser's counterparts in the computer industry, not protected by a monopoly market, are constantly introducing new generations of equipment, even though it may require junking equipment which works perfectly well. The question of cost of replacement in a highly competitive market is easily resolved when weighed against the question of survival of the firm. Unfortunately, "Ma Bell" has never had to choose between alternatives. If the buggy still works, and the horse is still healthy, why replace them with innovation?

Reflecting this calcification of company philosophy, the

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EDITORIALS

The Real Danger

The generally accepted view of Middle East tensions is that while the situation is disquieting, the explosive elements are on a long fuse. For the present, it is held, the Soviet Union has no intention of permitting itself to be involved in a major war in that region; for one thing it has too much to worry about on its eastern frontier. The United States, likewise peaceably inclined, has no intention of jumping from the Vietnamese frying pan into a Middle East fire. Israel is annoyed rather than endangered by Arab threats and guerrilla activity; in large-scale military operations it has clear superiority over the Arab nations, singly or combined, and this margin of safety is reasonably certain to persist over the foreseeable future. Therefore, while fighting will continue sporadically, with raids and reprisals, even perhaps on a somewhat ascending scale, it is assumed that the situation will not get out of hand, at least for now.

The most menacing element in the Middle East "powder keg" (as President Nixon termed it last spring) is the Palestinian Arab presence within Israel, in numbers that have been greatly augmented by the 1967 war. A new danger has arisen in this phase of Arab-Israeli relations, particularly in the possible Israeli reaction to the incidents that are bound to occur between the occupied and the occupiers. The conversion of Jerusalem into "one city" certainly has its advantages for both Jews and Arabs, and for Christians too, but it has brought about a more perilous proximity than when Jews and Arabs were separated by walls and check points.

The fire at the Al Aksa mosque is symptomatic. There were fires at the mosque in 1949 and 1964, but since the area was then under Jordanian rule it was not feasible to blame the Israelis. The recent fire, although under the circumstances the last thing the Israelis could have desired, immediately became a pretext for Arab demonstrations, and even an attempt in high Arab governing quarters to rally the world's 600 million Moslems (of whom 100 million live in the Middle East) against Israel as the spearhead of Jewish influence.

Such appeals to unreason may turn world opinion against the Arabs but, quite understandably, also tend to make the Israeli leaders nervous. The crucial question is how they will react. It is currently believed in Israel that the Arabs inside are being manipulated from without. Perhaps, but Palestinian Arabs have feelings like other people—quite like those Jews would have if the situation were reversed. They do not require instigation or direction from without. Whether true or not, however, the Israeli fear of the internal danger—a potential fifth column—may lead to very serious consequences. Ascribing the behavior of a restive population to "outside agitators" is the most common resort of those for whom the restlessness is inconvenient, and the invariable effect is to aggravate it. One may hope the Israelis will be more humane and more intelligent.

Henry Owen, who is director of the foreign policy

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studies program of the Brookings Institution, has drawn an analogy between the situation in Europe preceding World War I and the present situation in the Middle East. While there are both similarities and differences, the similarities are obvious enough to make one think twice. Six million discontented South Slavs lived in provinces of Austria-Hungary that had been annexed from the Turks. They looked to Serbia much as the Palestinian Arabs look to the Arab nations today. Russia provided Serbia with somewhat the same support that the Soviet Union now furnishes to its Arab allies. When a Serbian terrorist assassinated the heir apparent to the Austrian throne, Austria made impossible demands on Serbia. Germany supported Austria, Russia supported Serbia, England was drawn in when the Germans violated Belgium's borders, and the war was on.

It need not happen again. But it might.

The New Breed

John Dewey once remarked that ours is a government not of laws but of lawyers. This is not remarkable, since —as we say—ours is a government of laws, not of men. The fact that we have a written Constitution, a doctrine of the separation of powers, and a complex state and federal structure of government has given lawyers a special prominence in the American scheme of things. All three branches of government, at both levels, are packed with them. As a further consequence, the legal profession has acquired a reputation, well deserved in many instances, of serving private clients with greater zeal and enthusiasm than it has served the public interest. But today a new breed of lawyers is emerging. They constitute, at the moment, a small minority in the profession, but it is one of increasing importance.

Individual lawyers have, of course, long served the public interest with dedication and high competence. But the new breed of lawyers is to be distinguished on two counts: they have a heightened sense of the social importance of the law in a complex society and of the social purposes to which it can be put; and they function, in many cases, as a group within the profession. Many of them, for example, are to be found in government agencies. Examples of the new breed in action are the civil rights lawyers currently in rebellion against their superiors in the Justice Department, and the hundred or more lawyers connected with Neighborhood Legal Services, an OEO project, who recently addressed a 16-page telegram to the President protesting threatened cutbacks in funds for legal aid programs.

However, the most impressive current example of lawyers serving a good cause at considerable personal sacrifice is described by Charles Howe in "Draft Resisters Multiply—So Do 'New Lawyers,'" in the *San Francisco Chronicle*. In 1968 alone, 2,472 young men appealed to the federal courts for exemption from military service which had been denied them by their draft boards. On March 31, 1969, 2,481 draft cases remained on the dockets awaiting trial, despite assignment of special federal judges who do nothing but hear pretrial arguments

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in draft cases, and the fact that such cases take precedence over all other criminal litigation. These cases represent about 15 per cent of all criminal cases in the federal courts, and they are coming in as fast as they can be disposed of. The legal situation is in a state approaching utter confusion. As fast as loopholes are found in the draft laws and are closed by court decisions or by Congressional actions, new grounds are found for keeping young men out of the most immoral and unpopular war in American history.

This extemporaneous attack on the Selective Service System is being carried on by lawyers, many of them assigned by the courts to defend indigent draft resisters. They are described by a federal court attaché as "bright and tough and willing to put in the work it takes. They're more dedicated than the average older attorney; they take the law seriously." That they must. Working for fees rarely exceeding $500, they sometimes spend up to six months in preparing a case.

The next time someone has the impulse to condemn the members of the bar en masse, he should weigh these developments before making up his mind.

Letting Lady Bird Down

We had hoped that something fine would come out of Mrs. Lyndon Johnson's beautification program for the nation's highways. It seemed so simple, as over against the big ones—ghettos, Vietnam, disintegrating cities, defense spending and so on. Here, at last, seemed an easy test of the ability of government to accomplish an uncomplicated, worth-while objective. But hope was alloyed with skepticism. For reasons everyone senses but which are hard to define precisely, it seems almost impossible these days for the federal government (or for government, simply) to accomplish anything decent except in a few areas.

Why did Lady Bird's praiseworthy endeavor fizzle out? Gladwin Hill, one of *The New York Times*'s finest reporters, tells the story in a long, depressing account (August 31). People do have an interest in highway beautification, or at least an effort at de-uglification, but it is too diffuse to prevail against highly organized opposition. The extent of vested interest in the nation's roadsides is unimaginable until one tries to buck it. Billboards are a prime example. The Johnson administration pressed through anti-billboard legislation which called for the federal government to share with the states, on a 75-to-25 basis, the costs of eliminating objectionable billboards by buying up sign leases.

Eventually a federal report disclosed that 839,000 billboards outside commercial areas were illegal and must come down by 1970. The prospective cost of removing these signs, and a smaller number of others deemed objectionable, included some $558 million for compensating sign owners. To date, of the 839,000 invalidated signs, 750 have been removed, and removal rights have been obtained on another 371. At this rate, it will take a thousand years—give or take a century or two—before Mrs. Johnson's yearnings for beautification are satisfied.

Billboards constitute a vested interest of no mean proportions, and vested interests know how to lobby and how to litigate. According to the Outdoor Advertising Association of America, some 250,000 property owners across the country rent space for billboards. Almost 12,000 concerns manufacture, contract and distribute signs. The owners of "standard" 25-by-12-foot structures who rent space to big advertisers number about 600. The states administer the federal laws, and the experience of one state is indicative. As Lieut. Gov. Paul Simon of Illinois puts it: "Nothing happened. We ran into the big billboard lobbyists, who were able to amend the bills so that they were meaningless."

The billboard interests feel that they have a constitutional right to advertise on the land they own or rent. That the only value of a billboard is derived from the traffic on the road—which in every case was built with public funds—seems to escape their understanding.

Two states, Vermont and Oregon, are honorable exceptions to the rule of self-interest. They seem bent on restoring their scenery to the travelers. But in general, in a country where business profit is paramount, such public-spirited efforts as Mrs. Johnson's get their day of publicity and then soon peter out.

Fan Dance

Under our two-party system (or is it three?) every administration must play politics, but under Mr. Nixon's direction politics is played in the most derogatory sense—worse, if that be possible, than when Mr. Johnson was at the controls. In part, at least, the current confusion over the "peace dividend" appears to be calculated; it was the President's way of telling would-be welfare spenders, whether of his own party or the other, that the dividend was not going to be anything like what they had hoped for, and they should be grateful for whatever they did get. From a public relations standpoint the procedure was reminiscent of the fan dance of an earlier era; now you saw, or imagined you saw, what you wanted to see and now you didn't, and it was all strictly for the peasants.

The master stroke was in designating good old Dan Moynihan to lead off with the bad news. As the Administration's leading exemplar of liberalism, Moynihan could speak more in sorrow than in jubilation. At the same time he could lace the announcement with the Irish-American wit which is part of his stock in trade. It needed a certain amount of blarney, for this was deflation on the scale of what has been happening in the stock market (but nowhere else). From the Johnson dividend of some $19 billion to be diverted to pressing peacetime needs thirty months after the Vietnamese War was over, Moynihan had to de-escalate to the general range of millions instead of billions. He did it manfully.

At the same time there was enough optimism floating about so that the welfare spenders would not feel altogether destitute. Even the GOP House leader, Gerald Ford, contradicted Moynihan. Herbert Stein of the Council of Economic Advisers felt the picture was not as black as people supposed, and Dr. Arthur Burns, the President's confidant in economic matters, talked of a cornucopia

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of $8 billion over the coming year—if the war ended immediately. Which, obviously, it won't.

The most obfuscating part of the whole performance was that the President himself said whatever monies were freed when peace came were already spoken for and, he implied, mostly committed. But he did not give any idea of who had asked and who was to be enriched. Keeping in mind Mr. Nixon's weakness for ABMs, MIRVs and similar expensive toys, one may suspect that the Pentagon will come out on top.

Current evidence in the same direction is the spending spree on which the Pentagon has embarked. According to *The Wall Street Journal*, new factory orders for military goods were at a new high, in what some analysts believe may prove to be the Pentagon's last spending fling for some time. This remains to be seen. The Pentagon wants that dividend as badly as anyone, and it has a very good prospect of getting most of what it wants, in the future as in the past.

The Evans Case

The prosecution in the trial of Fred Ahmed Evans told jurors that they had a duty "as Americans to stand up and be counted. . . . Let's wake up, America. From the acorn grows a mighty tree. A spoonful of ink in a gallon of water gives you a tainted color." This and similar appeals to racism apparently made it easy for an all-white jury to convict Evans of conspiring to murder three white policemen and a black civilian, although the prosecution admitted that it could not prove he had killed anyone. (See "Bad Day in Cleveland," *The Nation*, July 14.) Evans is now scheduled to die in the electric chair on September 23 unless a reprieve is granted.

However, more than racist rhetoric was employed to secure Evans' conviction. The key witness to the "conspiring" was a 17-year-old who had been charged with murder, arson and theft; all of these charges were dismissed when he was "allowed" to join the Army. Coroner's reports were handled in a questionable manner in order to hide the fact that two of the dead police officers were drunk. Reports on the type of wound were changed months later, and another coroner's inquest reached a conclusion directly opposite to that indicated by the official autopsy. A poisonous climate of opinion was created by the mass media, with reports of plots, ambush and a "massacre of police." As Evans' lawyer charged, the Cleveland media's portrayal of him as a "Black Frankenstein" made all that followed, including the death sentence, seem not only just but self-evident on the "facts" presented.

Reversing the conviction in a political trial of this sort —where the target is not only the accused but also his ideas and the movement he represents—requires massive public protest. The Evans case is one of national as well as local importance, because it is one of a number of similar prosecutions in which an attempt is being made to cripple black militancy by selecting a victim to symbolize the movement, and then using the very instrument that brought it into being—white racism—to destroy it."

Evans recognizes the intent of the prosecution, and his final words to the court will haunt the Cleveland community if it permits his execution to proceed: "This will not end by the means that have been used today against the black men who are willing, who are able, who are strong enough to stand up. The electric chair or fear of anything won't stop the black men of today."

If Evans is executed, it will be a bad day not merely for Cleveland but for the state of Ohio and the entire nation. What we do not need, at this point in time, is a black martyr, particularly one convicted in a case which carries the taint of racism from first to last. No one has been executed in the United States for nearly two years, a commendable hiatus in legal violence. Evans, a black man convicted of killing three white police officers, is today nearer that fate than any prisoner has been for two years.

Ho Chi Minh

By any reckoning, Ho Chi Minh was a great Vietnamese patriot, a man who embodied the finest qualities of the traditional culture of the Vietnamese, and a most remarkable political and military leader. Unswervingly, selflessly, with courage, consistency and a brilliant sense of tactics and strategy he served the cause of Vietnamese independence throughout the entire range of his adult life. He must rank as one of the most extraordinary world figures of this century.

Official and press reactions to his death have been contradictory, confused and naive. On the one hand, officials in Washington hopefully suggest that his death will trigger a fierce and destructive competition for leadership, but is not likely to affect the course of the war or the negotiations in Paris. Other comment, in the press, suggests that his death is likely to prolong the war and complicate the negotiations. On balance it seems likely that his death will have an adverse effect on the negotiations.

His prestige was enormous, North and South. If he approved a settlement, it would be accepted. Many elements in the South had great respect for him as a national leader and, by inference at least, might have less confidence in a settlement reached without his presence in Hanoi. Similarly the cause of unification has probably been set back by his death. He may have been, as press comment indicates, "almost a mystic," but he was also "an enormously pragmatic Communist." And it is pragmatists who are in short supply in Hanoi, Saigon and Washington.

Drew Pearson

Almost alone among newspaper columnists, Drew Pearson carried on the muckraking tradition in American journalism. His column, which went to an audience estimated at 50 million, helped fill the gap that was caused when muckraking journalism fell out of style—or, to state it another way, when the bulk of the American press decided not to engage in it, except occasionally, cautiously, and when it seemed quite safe.

As Robert Sherrill pointed out in a special issue we devoted to Pearson as a rare phenomenon in American journalism ("Thirty-Six Years on the Merry-Go-Round," *The*

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Nation, July 7), "nobody comes even close to competing with the Pearson product." Nearly everyone sensed that it was a good product of its kind and enormously useful; in fact there was only one common complaint about it—that it was often inaccurate. And so it was. But Pearson was usually on to something. It was often quite important and in the end he generally succeeded in flushing the story out into the open. Unlike Lincoln Steffens, Pearson never concluded that muckraking was a mistake or that it was outmoded or ineffectual. At the same time, he had no illusions about the power of even the best muckraking journalism to "reform the system." He knew that the struggle would never end to keep "the system" reasonably honest but that it would be more dishonest and corrupt if the effort abated.

Despite his long experience with corruption and chicanery in high places, Pearson was not a cynic nor was he an up-tight moralist. He was a link between the old muckrakers, who tended to be moralistic and superficial (Steffens was an exception), and the new muckrakers—Ralph Nader is a case in point—who have deeper and more relevant insights. Pearson's summing up in these pages will stand, we feel, as a fine statement of his intention and methods, and of his thinking, as we put it, about war, love, graft, politics, revolution and the hiding places of power.

WHITEY'S ON THE MOON NOW

WILLIAM EASTLAKE

Mr. Eastlake's latest book is The Bamboo Bed, *to be published this fall by Simon & Schuster. He is the author also of the* The Bronc People *(Harcourt, Brace) and* Castle Keep *(Simon & Schuster).*

Tucson

I had a Papago Indian intellectual friend over to watch the first man on the moon.

The Papago Indian intellectual brought over a Papago Indian cowboy to watch too.

"They are about to land," I said.

"You said something about beer."

"Wait."

"What for?"

"Till they get on the moon."

"Are they on the moon yet?"

"Yes."

"Can I have the beer?"

"The white man on the moon said one small step for a man and one giant step for mankind."

"That's nice," the Papago cowboy said. "Can I have the beer now?"

"What he means," my friend the Papago Indian intellectual said, "is that his people are starving. He's not interested in the white man on the moon."

I got the Papago cowboy the beer.

The Papago cowboy, now that he had the beer can, smiled and said, "How much did it cost to go to the moon?"

"Twenty billion."

The Papago cowboy smiled and shook his head at the white man on the moon.

"What he means," the Papago intellectual said, "is that he hopes they are happy on the moon."

"Who that?" the Indian cowboy said.

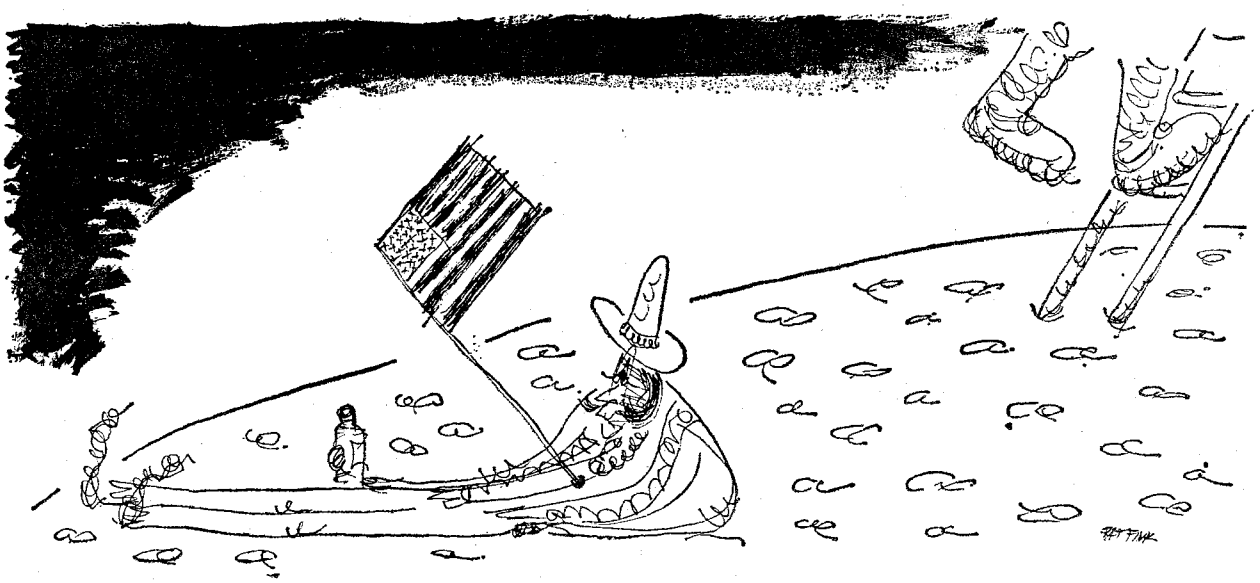
"President Nixon."

"Why?"

"He says it's the biggest thing since creation."

"Why?"

"What he means is he hopes President Nixon is very happy on the moon."



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"Would you like all white people to go to the moon?"

"Yes."

"Never come back from the moon?"

"Yes."

"Would you like some more beer?"

"Yes."

When the Papago Indian cowboy got the beer he thought a while and then said, "No."

The intellectual Papago said, "He means why do you want to destroy another planet."

"Curiosity."

The cowboy Indian Papago thought about that and laughed.

"He laughs because the Papago are all cried out," his friend said.

"They will bring back moonstones," I said.

"Will they kill all the people there?" the Papago Indian cowboy said.

"No."

"Put them on reservations?"

"No. Because there are no people on the moon," I said.

"Will the white people come back?"

"Yes."

The Papago Indian cowboy got up.

"Where are you going?"

"To the moon."

"Of course you can't," the intellectual Papago said.

The Indian sat down.

"You see," the Papago intellectual said, "the Indian would very much like to get off this planet. If you will not get off his land."

"One small step for a man on earth . . .?"

"And forget the moon."

"Yes."

"What he means," the intellectual Papago said, "is he would like another beer." That is why they call my Indian friend an intellectual Papago. All over Arizona they laugh at him because he does not want to settle for Overkill Rockets at Tucson or a dam on the Grand Canyon or the London Bridge over the Havasupai or for mankind to take their first giant step on the moon.

"Why can't they take it here?" he said.

"Would you like a beer?"

"Why can't we take it here?"

Like all Indians my intellectual Indian Papago friend and the Papago Indian cowboy are mad, not mad crazy, but just plain damn mad. Not moonstruck. Just two hungry, angry Indians watching Whitey on the moon.

THE PENDLETON BRIG

ANDERSONVILLE-BY-THE-SEA

ROBERT G. SHERRILL

On March 17, a "for official eyes only" memorandum was sent from Wallace H. Robinson, Jr., quartermaster general of the Marine Corps, to the chief of staff, Gen. W. J. Van Ryzin, in which he warned that "a truly explosive situation" exists within the Camp Pendleton, Calif., prison but that "a public disclosure of existing conditions could tend to place the Commandant in an embarrassing defensive position."

He was right on both counts, but he failed to point out that the Pendleton brig—the second largest prison in the Navy apparatus—was continually erupting with riots and brutalities that only the Marine Corps' great luck had kept from reaching the press. Racial tensions in the Marine prison are intense. One riot a few months ago sent twenty men to the hospital.

Accompanying his memorandum was a secret survey of conditions at the Pendleton brig, conducted last March, in which it was officially admitted that the prison—a conglomeration of World War II temporary wood-frame buildings and tents, and prefab metal buildings once used as a prisoner-of-war camp—is no better than a concentration camp. The brig was built to handle 400 men. The normal prison population is now 800, and often there are peak loads of nearly 900.

The report is limited to the physical breakdown of the camp. It makes no mention of the cruelties imposed upon the prisoners, but accounts of these were obtained by *The Nation* elsewhere—from Father Alban Rosen, a priest who has done voluntary chaplain work at the base, from U.S. Senators, from men who are deserters from the Marine Corps, and from Dr. Larry McNamee, who served as brig physician for a year.

There are several accounts of prisoners being handcuffed to the steel-mesh fence surrounding the 20-acre camp—handcuffed in a spread-eagle fashion, their feet dangling inches above the ground. On one occasion the sight of a prisoner hanging like that brought about a sit-down mutiny that might have blown up into something much worse than the celebrated Presidio Army base "mutiny," but in this instance cool-headed officers broke it up.

Dr. McNamee, who left the Marine Corps in July and is now doing his residency in Cleveland, came away with many memories of his career as the first and last full-time physician at the Pendleton brig. He recalls a number of prisoners who came to him bruised over their chests and backs, who told of being beaten with taped clubs by the guards. An investigation uncovered the clubs, but nothing was done to the guards. He also remembers the prisoner whose arm had been broken and was in a cast; this young man was ordered to lie down on the ground, and then one of the guards stepped on the cast and smashed it.

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On that occasion—it was a time of wholesale punishment, for the prisoners had done something the guards resented—"I saw a prisoner in a down position (with nose touching ground, legs spread-eagled and hands clasped behind back; in other words the prisoner is supported on the ground by his face, chest and toes), and one guard was standing on one foot and another guard was kicking the other foot out further. A foreman was with me and I said, 'go over and stop them—the guy's legs can't spread any further.' But the prisoner himself reacted. He jumped up and kicked at one of the guards and another guard got pushed back by the prisoner. At that point, the second guard ran at the prisoner and kicked him in the chest, knocking him to the ground. Three or four other guards grabbed him, forced his hands behind his back and his face to the ground. He couldn't possibly move. The guard who had just kicked him, now fell on top of him and began pummeling him on the back of the head, hitting him as hard as he could with his fist closed. I mean, really belting him. Before I could get there, somebody else had pulled the guard off. The prisoner was sent to the Ice Box."

The Ice Box is made up of six cages set on an open concrete slab. Prisoners held there are protected from the weather only by bars; the confidential report acknowledges that the Ice Box, which has been in use for years, "is a cruel and unusual punishment." This is incorrect; it is cruel but not unusual. In fact, there is another twist to the Ice Box punishment that the report did not notice: the cases are covered with canvas during the day when it is hot; at night, when it is cold, the canvas is removed. And the nights at Pendleton can be cold indeed.

Another of the specialty facilities is the "Bull Pen," a fenced-in area used for holding prisoners who are being processed. Sometimes as many as thirty men are held in this area and they are kept there up to eight hours. There is no toilet, no urinal or drinking fountain in the Bull Pen. If guards refuse to take them out, they must relieve themselves on the spot. Eight months before General Robinson's survey, Dr. McNamee had sent in a complaint to the base's commanding medical officer about this situation, without results.

Although the report claims that "the double chain link fence which surrounds the main compound is basically sufficient to contain prisoners," it elsewhere notes that "there were 166 escapes during the past year." Although more than 90 per cent of the prisoners are being held on no charge more serious than AWOL, the treatment meted out to them encourages attempts to escape, even at the risk of being shot.

The report continues: "The camp was described by one officer as looking like Andersonville. The following paragraphs are an attempt to graphically describe a most serious situation that could develop into a series of embarrassing circumstances to the Marine Corps if immediate steps are not taken to permit corrective action."

¶The 1942 vintage building being utilized for all newly confined prisoners undergoing indoctrination and/or awaiting classification is a fire and safety hazard. The two-story barracks building was built as a temporary structure at the beginning of World War II and very little improvement has been made since. The bottom decks are divided into cells utilizing scrap steel bars, etc., that were salvaged when Camp Elliott was closed down.

¶It was reported that if the prisoner load on the second deck was past a certain level the doors to the cells on the first deck would not open.

¶There is only one escape hatch on each deck, all the windows and doors being either barred or secured to prevent escape. This particular building and two others like it are notably the best structures in the complex except for a new Maximum Security building which was recently completed.

¶Even the new building is inadequate; there are 48 cells in this building and only two commodes, the heating is poor and food must be carried from the mess hall and served in the individual's cell which routinely, during the winter, results in cold, greasy food.

¶In two areas tents are being used for confinement of medium custody prisoners. Oil burner heating is provided for these areas, and the tents are extremely overcrowded, the average footage per man in these tents is about 25 square feet. The standard square footage is 72 square feet per man.

¶Supervision of these areas presents an additional safety problem. In order to exercise any degree of control over the prisoners it is necessary for the guards to mingle with the prisoners. At night this is obviously an extremely dangerous practice as recently evidenced by a guard being beaten up by some prisoners while he was making his security rounds.

The men who run the brig have put a great deal of imaginative thought into figuring out ways to punish prisoners. One Marine deserter hiding out in Pasadena, Calif., told of the room of mirrors, in which some prisoners were punished by being forced to stand naked all day, sometimes for several weeks, just looking at themselves. Another deserter, interviewed in Whittier, Calif., had been a guard in a correctional custody platoon until he couldn't take it any more. "There's an interview that all prisoners go through," he said. "I've seen twenty or thirty. You hold your sea bag that weighs between 75 pounds and 115 pounds; you hold this over your head and turn in a circle as fast as you can, screaming, 'No, Sir' and 'Yes, Sir.' Once I saw a sergeant climb up on top of two foot lockers and jump on the bag one fellow was holding over his head. The bag fell on his head and he was knocked flat to the floor. It broke his nose and knocked out his teeth."

Father Al, the Franciscan priest, who was stationed at San Luis Rey Mission near Pendleton said: "No matter how bad it is, you can believe just about anything the Marines tell you about the brig. I really don't doubt any of the stories, because of the things I've seen and heard. I've seen faces beaten in. I know about the room of mirrors."

After Dr. McNamee had been treating patients at the brig for a while, and after he had made numerous complaints to his superiors to have conditions improved,

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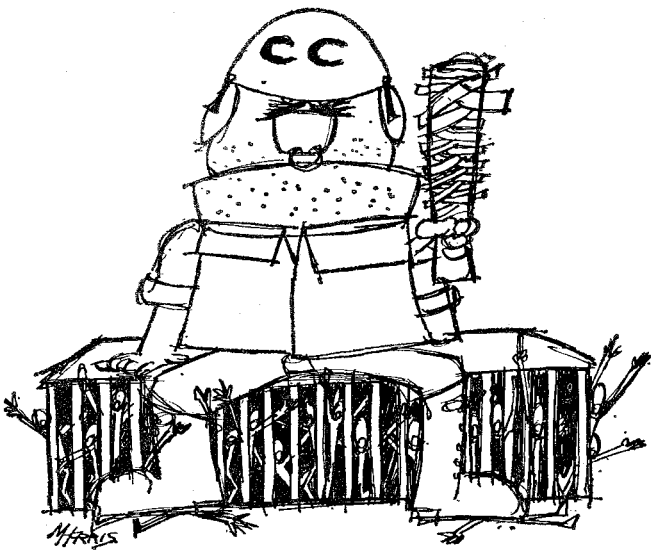
he began asking the prisoners who came to him to write down what had happened to them. Here are a few. The original spelling is retained sometimes to convey a more accurate indication of the kind of young men the Marine Corps pushes around in its prisons.

Charles L. Francis set down these troubles on March 3, 1969:

"About 17:30 I was called to the duty hut. I was haveing my gear inventoreid. L/Cpl. Johnson was explaning the rules. He told me to stand at atention on the yellow foot prints in the duty room. I was told to keep my head and eyes to the front. He told me to give him 25 4 count push



ups. When he seen that I was tirering, he wanted them perfict. After he seen that I couldn't complet them he had me stand at atention then he comenced hitting me with a club in the stomach and ribs. He would stop four a few minutes and then say I was eyeballing the area and start the beating again."

The doctor found sufficient cuts, bruises, skinned areas and lumps to support the story.

McNamee made the following report on H. L. Clark (no date):

"States he told corporal he couldn't take any further harassment and then began to cry. He was then hit in the eye, thrown to the ground and kicked in the left hand and left side of the chest."

When he reported to the doctor, he had a three-inch swelling under his right eye, a swollen cheek and bruised ribs.

This one is signed by Pvt. Jimmy L. Milton on March 5, 1969:

"On 2 March 1969 Cpl. DeGross called me to the Correctional Custody office and then he beat me a few times in the chest, then he made me eat four cigaretts and then pushed me out the door.

"Then on the 3 of March 1969 Cpl. DeGross again called me to the duty CC office and then L/Cpl. Johnson and Cpl. DeGross beat me agein, L/Cpl. Johnson dug his finger nails into my forhead and beat me in the chest along with Cpl. DeGross, and this time Cpl. Anderson held his fist at the back of my head and L/Cpl. Johnson then pushed my head back as hard as he could.

"Then they made me get on the deck and then L/Cpl. Johnson kicked me in the head and some one kicked me in the side."

Statement signed by Pvt. Stephen Weddel on February 28, 1969:

"I was called in the duty CC office and L/Cpl. Johnson, Sgt. Blye and another cpl. beat me in the chest with thier fist and feet leaving marks on my chest and hurting my ribbs to the point where I can just barely breath."

Statement signed by Pvt. Howard J. Stamm, Jr., on March 4, 1969:

"On or about the 27 day of Feb. I was called into the duty CC instructors office and Cpl. DeGross beat on my chest until I fell backward out the door and he then pulled me back in and continued beating on my chest until I fell down. He choked me and told me to get up he then pushed me out."

Pvt. Charles J. Comiskey received a bloodied and broken nose in the following episode, which he described in a statement signed March 4, 1969:

"I was called into the CC instructors hut and told to stand at attention on some yellow footprints keeping my eyes straight ahead. At that time L/Cpl. Johnson started beating me with a rolled up towel in the face. He then gave me blows to the stumic and karate chops in the neck. When I put my hands up to protect myself instinkivly, he thought I was crazy or something and invited me to hit him back. When I accepted his invitation with a swing and a curse, three of the CC instructors grabed me, beat me, and tied me up continuing the act until the assistant warden came and took me to sick bay."

Statement of Pvt. Peter T. Rood, signed March 5, 1969:

"At approximately 0915 on this date I suffered a cut on the back of my head. I was in the CC instructors hut doing extra P.T. because I couldn't do correct push-ups in the yard due to my back. I had a skiing accident about 1½ months ago. I went off a jump and one ski caught on an open patch of the jump. I tumbled and landed against a tree which was very close to the side of the slope. I struck the tree directly on the small of my back.

"Since then I've had bad, sharp pains in my lower back, accompanied by severe headaches and bad dreams. When I returned from the regular P.T. this morning, my back was sore and I had sharp pains in my spine. I couldn't hold a push-up position so I was told to go into the CC instructors hut.

"Cpl. DeGross forced me to do exercises when I complained about my back. He kicked my feet out from under me and grabbing the back of my shirt pushed me forward to the deck. After several repititions I was left on the deck. Cpl. DeGross kicked me a few times in my side and grabbed my shirt collar, lifting and dropping me in a push-up type exercise. I was then righted and I began to feel dizzy. I began to fall but the corporal held me up. He then gave me a shove and I fell backwards, tripping over something and striking my head on a footlocker, I believe, and I then blacked out and came to when a corpman tried to awake me. Others were in the room but

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since I was new in the CC area I didn't know them. When I was laying on the deck I overheard the people in the hut discuss what story they were going to tell everyone."

Pvt. Mark S. Sutherlin, a prisoner in the maximum security unit, got into an argument with a guard in October 1968. The result of the argument was this:

"He pushed me and then ordered me to put my tray of food on the floor and eat it there. Well, I didn't feel like being his fool, so I refused agien. So he pushed me agien, nocking my tray of food all over the place, then he came at me swinging his fists, so I swung back. While we fought, he kicked me in my scrotum, it didn't hurt then, but now, and it is also all blue."

It was indeed, as the doctor noted in his memorandum, entirely blue and large and tender.

Pvt. C. W. Mowery, on February 5, 1969, told of being called into the instructors' hut and being ordered to take the prisoner's down position.

"I got down in the prisoner's down position and everyone left except the two CC's that were to make the CC instructor's rack. Then another CC instructor that was just came on duty came into the CC instructors hut and stomped me twice in the back while in the prisoners down position. There were about six CC instructors in the hut when it happened but only two wrote me up. I seen the Major Voigt and he beleives what they say I reckon. Anyway he told the Cpl. on duty to sent the assault charge against me to my C.O."

From L/Cpl. Gerald M. Bonnell, January 17, 1969:

"When I came to CC the 14 of January 1969, it wasn't until the next morning when they started beating on me, hitting me in the belly 3 or 4 times and asked me if I would do any thing if they did it again, and kicking me in the back by my left shoulder 2 or three times and almost breaking my neck by the jurk of being kicked. They said to get things straight and I got all nervous and confused and couldn't so that is when they chocked me and picked me almost up off the deck by my neck. I have been a nervous wreck since I joined the Marine Corps. I never said any thing or talked back, or disobeyed the CC instructors or threatened or took a swing at any of them, but yet they treat us like animals and I want out of CC and the Marine Corps."

To that he added a postscript: "Now since I signed this here form it will be a lot harder on me so I want out of CC as soon as possible."

Pvt. Lloyd A. Wyman, in a statement signed September 26, 1968, told of his refusing to run in physical training, as ordered, after which this happened:

"Upon my refusal to run, two of the aforementioned personnel dragged me by the arms in order to make me run. Fortunately, I was able to pull away from them, at which time I was placed in the 'Prisoners Down' position. While in this position, one of the personnel present at the time jumped, landing on his knees in the center of my back. This action was executed with considerable force and caused great pain, It should be known that I have been under treatment and medication for a back problem."

Fifty-three per cent of the prisoners Dr. McNamee tried to have taken for clinical diagnosis or hospital care never got there. Guards could not be spared to escort them but, as Dr. McNamee said, "there was always a guard available to escort prisoners to mow the general's lawn."

Also, Dr. McNamee says that only 15 per cent of the medicine he prescribed for his patients was ever taken by them. One prisoner with gonorrhea was in the brig from October 1968 to January 1969 and was never admitted to the hospital despite repeated efforts by Dr. McNamee to get him there. Dr. McNamee made eight efforts to get a private admitted to a chest clinic for studies, and never succeeded. Sometimes prisoners with temperatures of 102 degrees are forced to take part in daylong exercises.

Boredom takes almost as high a toll as sickness. In a report to the base medical officer, Dr. McNamee spelled out some of the results. "Inmates throw razor blades at one another. Numerous small lacerations have been seen on my confinees as a result of the above. Boredom apparently is the cause of this activity. Boredom also contributes to the incidence of self-inflicted cigarette burns. Two confinees place a lighted cigarette between their forearms to see who could stand the pain longer." Prisoners also catch wild mice and try to keep them as pets; several prisoners are treated each day for bites.

There aren't enough guards to do a proper job. Consequently, security is poor and drugs pass in and out with no trouble. Inmates who can't afford drugs shoot cold water, coffee, Kool-Aid and various medications dissolved in tap water. As a result, one to two cases of serum hepatitis per month are seen at the brig sick bay.

Obviously, to bring the prison facilities and treatment up to a civilized level, a number of things are needed, including money. The Marine Corps is asking for $2.5 million to build additional brig facilities, but they would not be large enough and the old jail would have to be used.

As General Robinson said in his private note to the chief of staff: "Difficulty is anticipated on this line item before Congress in view of its historic reticence to fund new brig facilities. Senator Stennis in particular has gone on record stating he did not like to build a new facility for the 'bad guys' while the 'good guys' lived in substandard barracks. . . .

"The Senatorial investigation of conditions at the Presidio could serve to assist the Marine Corps in obtaining authorization and funding of this line item at Camp Pendleton, because recognition of a need for more adequate service brigs would help us."

The best and quickest solution, of course, would be to follow the precedent set in 1957 by Gen. David Shoup when he was commandant of the First Marine Division at Pendleton. He simply freed everyone in the brig who was there for something less than a felony—which immediately cleared the prison of virtually every prisoner.

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BLACK BUSINESS—BLEAK BUSINESS

GEORGE ECKSTEIN
Mr. Eckstein, a free-lance writer, is business consultant with the New York Urban Coalition.

Black business is currently one of the most talked about subjects. President Nixon promised the blacks "a piece of the action" through "black capitalism." The trouble is that there is such a wealth of agencies, government and private, concerned with the matter that most of the action gets lost in the maze. On the government side there are the Office of Minority Business Enterprise (Department of Commerce); Operation Mainstream (Small Business Administration), and the Economic Development Agency, to name only a few.

Among the private agencies, there are the Urban Coalition, national and local; Coalition Venture Corporation, and Capital Formation, Inc., both working with the Coalition in New York; Interracial Council for Business Opportunities (NAACP); the National Urban League, and some CORE units. In addition, some of the large banks, notably Chase Manhattan and First National City, have put special officers in charge of minority business loans.

There have been so many symposia and panel discussions that they begin to weary the participants, especially the few moderately successful black businessmen called upon to tell of their experiences. Among the organizers: Legal Defense Fund-NAACP, Arden House, Capital Formation, Ripon Society, and some business schools.

A steady flow of press releases has come from all these sources, but measured against the vast input of time, money, labor and good will, results so far are discouragingly small. The same few success stories: a hat manufacturer or dress house here, a small foundry, supermarket or gas station there. The more ambitious Community Development schemes seem to remain on paper. The mountain of organization and conversation is producing a mouse of actual black business. It's time to have a closer look.

Black business is not new. As a matter of fact, there was more of it in the past than exists today. There used to be sixty-eight Negro-owned banks compared to today's twenty-one. Even the number of Negro-owned businesses in Harlem has dropped by one-third. The Negro share in terms of numbers, and even more in terms of volume, of all enterprises is still insignificant.

Two principal roadblocks bar the way, if not to riches, at least to independence: lack of managerial know-how and lack of capital. Both are, of course, interrelated and mutually reinforcing. Capital is not forthcoming where experience is lacking, and know-how cannot develop if given no chance to practice. As in many other areas, a lack of entrepreneurial spirit is often blamed on a lingering "slave mentality." But this is only partly true; Negro businessmen in Atlanta and other cities of the South have been rather successful—the "hustler" in the Northern ghetto is often a shrewd and resourceful "free enterpriser." Psychologically, with their initiative boosted in the current climate of growing self-reliance, the blacks should be able to develop their enterprises much as other originally less business-minded minorities (Irish, Poles, Sicilians) did in their time. However, other minority groups had certain advantages the blacks lack: they could start out from skilled trades (construction worker into building contractor, tailor into garment manufacturer, etc.), and capital requirements in earlier days were smaller. Now the Negro businessman's access to capital is very limited: he has little savings; his family is without funds to lend; he has no credit from suppliers and little chance for commercial bank loans without collateral. His way through government or private agencies is plastered with good intentions, a multitude of forms and bureaucratic delays which frequently make any financial assistance—if it is at all forthcoming—too little and too late. Add to this the current tight money market, and the result is general frustration—a feeling of discrimination among the blacks, of disappointment among those who would like to help them.

The reason for the difficulties, of course, goes deeper—to the institutions of our corporate economy. They are naturally stacked against the small independent businessman, black *or* white. The fatality rate among small businesses is 70 per cent within their first three years. There is and there will always be room for the man with special skill or formula, but the "Mom & Pop" store—while its high "visibility" may confer status in the ghetto—offers its proprietors, in the age of the supermarket and the drug and variety chains, much more hard work than hard cash. The situation is somewhat better in the service industries and in small manufacturing, especially if not confined to the ghetto limits as, unfortunately, too many of the existing enterprises are. But on the whole, the independent entrepreneurship through which former minorities have worked their way into the American business mainstream, is no longer a way for the blacks to obtain "a piece of the action" in today's corporate economy.

More in line with the latter, and thus more promising, is the establishment of blacks in franchises and dealerships in such fields as gas stations, store branches and "EAT" chains. In these the parent company usually provides at least part of the capital, managerial assistance and guidance. The considerable loss of independence is compensated for by a considerably lessened risk of failure. There is no reason why a concentrated effort of private agencies, banks and franchise enterprises should not result in many more black-managed and black-owned branches.

The co-ops, exemplified by the well-publicized Quilting Bee of Alberta, Ala., present no real solution. They have a certain romantic appeal for both the old and New Left; but the climate of the economy and the spotty history of Negro solidarity make the co-op a viable alternative only in a few exceptional instances.

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"And If You Don't Believe I'm Promoting Black Capitalism . . ."

Small enterprise still appeals to the essentially middle-class, largely Southern-formed mentality of the NAACP who—at their forum in May—advocated their extension out of the ghetto into the mainstream of the economy. But, as became clear in the intervention of Roy Innis of Harlem CORE at the same discussion, this does not interest the new breed of Black Power separatists. They are thinking in bigger terms: of community development corporations, such as the Bedford-Stuyvesant Corporation initiated by Robert Kennedy, or the Harlem Corporation that Roy Innis is trying to organize with the help of other politicians. The capital which they hope to obtain through political pressure from Whitey (government, banks, large corporations) would be used by them to finance various ghetto enterprises. They are not interested in enterprises active in the mainstream economy, but on the contrary expect large corporations to set up "turnkey" operations in the ghetto to be relinquished on favorable terms to ghetto ownership and management. Ironically, one of the first such enterprises actually established, and much hailed by Innis, has been the Harlem branch of a Wall Street brokerage firm which will drain ghetto dollars into U.S. corporate coffers.

But, what counts above all to these young men is the power they hope to wield from the command post of their community development corporations, first within the ghetto and ultimately outside in the political arena. Their big problem, however, will be to provide a high quality of management without which funds can be quickly dissipated. All too often, such essentially power-inspired ventures have a tendency to get mired in bureaucracy, nepotism and fraud (for example, Dave Beck's Teamsters union enterprises), and it is very doubtful whether the people from whom the capital is expected, can be scared to the point of providing it without retaining some control over its use. Nevertheless, these grander projects seem to have met with a certain amount of sympathy on the part of the Republican Establishment desirous of finding an accommodation with turbulent black separatists through the switch of ghetto economics.

There have been more modest, and more indigenous poolings of resources, such as Challenge, Inc., a Harlem investment corporation set up by Spencer Jourdain, a Harvard Business School graduate, Jim Brown of football and movie fame, and others, including several community organizations. By spreading equity ownership broadly in the community and among their employees, they hope to "build up a series of businesses in the ghetto while avoiding exploitation" (Spencer Jourdain). Whether or not the second part of this hope may be realized, such economically oriented ventures should have a fair chance of success. They undoubtedly will attract the black separatists among the growing number of black business school graduates.

The majority, though, undoubtedly will go neither into business nor ghetto corporations but will find their way to jobs with large corporations. The latter are more and more willing and at times even eager to hire black college graduates, if only for public relations or reinsurance. (Actually, what keener sign of changing times as when the corporate image is improved—not blemished—by the sight of Negroes, at least on the lower and middle rungs of management and in laboratories?) While all too often these managerial jobs are still connected with the hiring and handling of Negro personnel, it can be expected that there will be increasing access to other fields in management. The upper reaches, undoubtedly, will remain closed to blacks for a long time, but Jews even today are largely excluded from the top positions in some of our biggest industries.

Insofar as the "action" is now unquestionably in the large corporation, the young college-educated black will best find "a piece of it" there. Whether he can preserve a militant separatist attitude in the corporation is another question, but it can legitimately be raised as well about the radical advocates of economic Black Power who are perfectly willing to work with the Establishment as long as it allots them a small piece of its power.

The hard fact has to be faced: that despite the good will now existing in many places the laws of business can-

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not easily be bent. Money goes where there is believed to be the least risk and/or the most profit; the existing institutions tend to work in favor of the haves, not the have-nots. In this context, the role of private agency, such as the Urban Coalition, can at best be limited. Their funds are insufficient to cover little more than their expenses. Their prime function is educational, as expressed by Robert Lenzner, a young man who interrupted a promising Wall Street career for one year to work with the Urban Coalition: to make business ("the fat cats") and the public aware of the needs and possibilities of black business; to help black would-be entrepreneurs get access to and contact with possible sources of capital funds and managerial advice.

The only force that could suspend the laws of business to some extent would be the government. The existing agencies move in a slow, haphazard manner, sometimes paralleling one another or working at cross-purposes. Only a clear, dynamic policy would establish aims, priorities and proper measures such as simple rules for loan guarantees, interest subsidies, tax relief for new black businesses, government contracts directed toward black companies (which are now mostly ineligible under the rules of the Defense Department favoring the big corporations).

Instead, we squander money in half measures in a multitude of directions. For example, Secretary of Commerce Maurice Stans announced the following ("Negro Businesses Get First Grants," *New York Times*, July 10):

> A $200,000 grant from OEO through the SBA to the National Bankers Association, consisting of twenty-one Negro-owned banks, to establish a "credit pool" for loan guarantees and equity capital (i.e., an average of under $10,000 per bank!).
>
> A $200,000 grant from the Office of Education to Howard University to establish a National Institute for Minority Business Education. "The institute will identify successful businesses and make the information available to minority business men."
>
> A $650,000 grant from SBA and EDA to Rev. Leon Sullivan of Philadelphia to train shopping center developers in thirteen cities. Mr. Sullivan developed Progress Plaza in Philadelphia.

The prospects for black business in the immediate future remain bleak; nor can the main solution for the economic ills of the black community come from this direction. It will have to be created through the general increase of its economic level; through the opening of skilled blue- and white-collar jobs; through training and education; through income maintenance where other measures fail.

It is difficult to see how any of these aims can be accomplished through the present policy of economic retrenchment which cannot fail to hit black business the hardest.

WHAT CONSUMERS NEED

SHOW BIZ OR HARD FACTS

A. Q. MOWBRAY
Mr. Mowbray is the author of Road to Ruin *and* The Thumb on the Scale *(both J. B. Lippincott).*

The state of the U.S. market place is nowhere better illustrated than in a television commercial now going the rounds for Oxydol. The scene is a modern, cheerfully appointed home laundry. A young man is being instructed in the mysteries of detergent quality by a bright young housewife. What, he asks, is so good about Oxydol? "It's those green things," she tells him, pointing to the flecks of green bleach in the pile of detergent she has poured into his outstretched hand. "But how well does it work?" he persists, all male innocence and gawk. "Stick your head in the basket," she leers, nodding toward the washing machine, "and you'll find out."

For fumbling young man read typical consumer. For impertinent housewife read U.S. manufacturer. And for "green things" read all the advertising puffery and nonsense that manufacturers substitute for hard information when touting their wares. How well does it work? The most adroit young minds in our society are hired to devise slick phrases with which to brush off such questions. Instead of giving hard answers, detergent manufacturers give you a choice between the credibility of Eddie Albert and Arthur Godfrey.

What the consumer needs in order to make rational choices among competing products is standards for those products—standards of performance, standards of durability, standards of safety. How well does it work? How long will it last? Is it safe? The paucity of standards for consumer products is at the heart of most of the consumer questions that have found their way to Washington during the past several years. Much of our annual highway carnage has been attributed to a need for safety standards for automobile design. Truth in packaging is unattainable without either standard net contents or standard unit price statements. Truth in lending is now being achieved through standard methods of stating the cost of borrowing. Wholesale meat can be provided only through sanitation and inspection standards. And so on.

Where the public health and safety are concerned, there seems to be a growing realization that the government, and especially the federal government, can no longer rely on the spotty and often ineffectual efforts of manufacturers to build safety into their products. Recent hearings of the National Commission on Product Safety are filled with testimony on eyeglass frames that burst into flame; fragile

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glass in storm doors that shatters and kills small children on impact; cribs that strangle infants, toys that stab them, floor grates that burn them; and ungrounded electrical appliances that electrocute their parents. Few who have seen this testimony deny that there is vast room for improvement in this field. In this complex technological world it is unreasonable to hope that all man-made hazards can be eliminated, but it seems clear that they can be greatly reduced. It is equally clear that the federal government must, at the very minimum, serve as the stimulus to industry in a sweeping program to improve the safety of its products. The commission will be making recommendations next year on how the government should fulfill its responsibility. These recommendations are awaited with great interest by industry and consumers alike.

There is hope, then, that answers will soon be forthcoming to the question, Is it safe? But that leaves untouched the two remaining consumer questions: How well does it work? How long will it last? In the areas of performance and durability, the role of the government is not nearly so well defined, and the role of standards is not nearly so well understood by consumers.

When a manufacturer buys the materials that he uses in making his products, he refers to standards. He gives the materials supplier a standard specification spelling out the performance characteristics the material must have, and he also stipulates the standard test methods that will be used to sample and test the material to insure compliance with the standard specification. When General Motors buys material from U.S. Steel, it does not rely on assurances from the steel company that the shipment will be "new and improved" with twice the active ingredient of shabby old Brand X. GM says in very hardheaded terms that the steel must meet certain specifications as to strength, hardness, ductility, corrosion resistance, or whatever property is of interest, and it must pass certain standard tests to prove it.

The interesting and little understood aspect of this transaction is that both the standard specification and standard test method were agreed upon long before it took place. They were developed by representatives of the producer (U.S. Steel), the consumer (General Motors), and most other buyers and sellers of steel in the country, working voluntarily in a committee of an organization called the American Society for Testing Materials, a nonprofit society organized just for this purpose: to develop the standards without which commerce in the materials of manufacturing and construction would be all but impossible.

This is the *modus operandi* of the so-called voluntary standardization system that grew up in this country at the turn of the century. The emphasis is on voluntary because the work of developing the standards is contributed voluntarily by industry, and also because use of the standards, once developed, is wholly voluntary. There is no compulsion by government either to develop or to use the standards. The main point, however, is that such compulsion is entirely unnecessary. The commercial transaction is between two industries, each of which recognizes the need for the standard, and each of which can summon the technological expertise needed to comprehend the problem, to develop the solution, and to defend its interests in arriving at a balanced consensus. The process of developing the standard, as well as the act of buying and selling, involves a confrontation between equals, and the result is a balanced standard and a fair transaction.

When we turn to the consumer market place, we find a completely different ball game. The producer (General Motors) and the consumer (you or I) no longer deal as equals. The result is that standards for performance and durability of automobiles are all but nonexistent, and the consumer is adrift in a sea of non- and misinformation. Choices must be made on the basis of advertising claims, rumors, subliminal appeals to sexual prowess, and a vacant stare under the hood.

Compared with the orderly processes of the industrial market place, the consumer market place is a scene of anarchy. Organizations such as Consumers Union do a creditable job of attempting to provide information about products that will enable the consumer to make a rational choice. But such efforts by a private organization are necessarily limited by the support that can be generated among enlightened consumers, as well as by a lack of consumer product standards. The plea now from consumer advocates is for a nation-wide, systematic program to develop standards for consumer products. There seems little doubt that this plea will eventually be answered. The key question is, will such a program be organized by industry, by government or by a cooperative effort of the two?

Foot-dragging among manufacturers is widespread. Some still cling to the ostrich principle. The problem doesn't really exist, they maintain—manufacturers flood consumers with information about their products. This yammering for consumer standards comes from a few vocal gadflies and malcontents, and if ignored it will eventually go away. The ranks of these hard-core *caveat emptor* types are being thinned by the encroachment of reality, but some die hard.

Other manufacturers resort to the too-many-variables ploy. The argument goes about as follows: When a new toaster, say, is carried home by the typical housewife, it is impossible to predict how she will use it, or abuse it, and therefore it is obviously impossible for the manufacturer to give her any hard assurances about how it will perform or how long it will last. Consumers are too unpredictable, service conditions too widely changeable, for the manufacturer to devise any test to simulate actual use. One of Betty Furness' favorite lines during her last months in office was to ask manufacturers why they couldn't tell her how long her washing machine was likely to last. Upon hearing this, the manufacturers would smile patronizingly and exchange words of pity over this poor woman who obviously had no concept of the very complex nature of simulated service testing, reliability, quality control and other highly technical matters.

What Miss Furness meant, of course, and what con-

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sumers all over the country would like to be told, is *how long* a representative sample of that model of toaster or washing machine performed in a standard test that was fairly designed to simulate average use. Everyone understands the variable nature of consumer use, but if all competing toasters are subjected to the same standard test, certainly the results would be helpful in comparing similar products and deciding which one to acquire with one's hard-earned cash.

When U.S. Steel sells a piece of steel to General Motors, no guarantee can be given as to how well that particular

product will bear up under the conditions of manufacture in a given GM process. What U.S. Steel *can* say, however, is that similar pieces of steel performed in a given way when subjected to tests designed to simulate that process, or designed to measure properties critical to that process. Similarly, we do not ask General Motors to tell us how long our Chevrolet will run before the brakes need to be relined, because General Motors cannot possibly know our driving habits. We *would* like to know how long a similar model bore up in a standard road test.

But automobile manufacturers prefer to hire glittering young ladies to simper at us from our television screens while they run silken fingers along shining fenders and croon love songs to the deep-pile interiors. This is the third source of difficulty: many manufacturers prefer to compete on the basis of show biz rather than hard facts, on the theory that a few million bucks spent on high-power persuasion yields a lot more mileage than the same money invested in product quality. If it is a competitive market place, the competition is in advertising copy and television talent. Where no measure of quality exists, there can be no competition in quality.

Some manufacturers defend the *status quo* by pointing out that the consumer will be fooled only once, and if he is dissatisfied he will change brands. But in the absence of information about product performance, reliability or durability, how can the disgruntled buyer know that the change will be for the better? And more to the point, why should it be necessary for him to be fooled even once? Why should he not be given comparative information about competing brands so that he can make a rational choice in the first place?

An increasing number of Congressmen are asking these questions. Some believe that this shopping-information gap must be filled by an agency of the federal government. Sen. Philip A. Hart (D., Mich.), for example, has introduced a bill that would establish a National Consumer Service Foundation "to receive, assemble, evaluate, act upon, and disseminate information helpful to consumers of the United States in performing their economic function more efficiently." One of the tasks of the foundation would be to "formulate and publish standards for specific consumer products or categories of such products which will facilitate the determination of values by consumers." Senator Hart envisions a kind of super Consumers Union, linked to a huge computer system and making its vast store of information available to the shopper at the point of sale. The consumer would merely slip a quarter in a slot and out would come all the data on all competing brands.

A large and growing number of responsible manufacturers—no doubt motivated in part at least by the "threat" of government action—are attempting to persuade industry leaders that the voluntary standardization system, which has worked so well in providing the thousands of standards by which industrial products are bought and sold, must be brought to bear on the vast unsolved problem of standards for consumer products. The arguments in favor of doing this are very persuasive.

Standards development requires an enormously complex organization, foolproof procedures, and a great variety of technical skills. All these already exist in the private sector. In the technical society mentioned earlier, for example, the American Society for Testing Materials, there are more than 100 standing committees developing and perfecting standards year in and year out for thousands of materials and products used by industry. These committees are manned by the nation's foremost technical experts—the engineers and scientists in the companies engaged in producing and buying these materials and products. For an organization such as this to take on the job of developing standards for consumer products would be but a simple expansion of scope. Further, the entire operation is supported and financed by industry—no public funds are required.

On the other hand, for the government to take on the job would require the creation of an agency to duplicate this enormous reservoir of technical skills and knowledge. Such an agency would have to include technical people with expertise on every consumer product in the market place. The prospect is staggering. Even if such an

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organization could be created, it would be difficult for it to maintain its expertise at the needed level. In today's fast-moving technologies, this can be done most effectively as a member of the producer organization.

Most observers of the standards scene, both in and out of government, agree that this is a job that can be done most efficiently and effectively in the private sector. The voluntary system has worked well in providing industrial standards; we should find a way for it to work equally well in providing consumer standards. There are two major differences that must be accounted for, however, before this can be possible.

The first of these is the matter of consumer representation on the standards writing team. If it is an industrial standard, the consumer is an industry, and there is no problem. In the case of the steel purchase cited earlier, the consumer is General Motors Corporation, quite a formidable voice on any team. In this situation, the producer industries and consumer industries come together on an equal footing, and the chances for a consensus reflecting both points of view are excellent.

If it is a consumer standard, however, who is to voice the wishes of the consumer? Consumers are unorganized and lack the financial resources and pool of technically competent manpower necessary to engage in standards development on a par with representatives of the manufacturing industries. It has been suggested that the government fill this need, not by sending representatives from government agencies to man the committees but by contracting with competent technical consulting firms to represent the consumer interest on committees developing consumer product standards.

The second major difference between industrial and consumer standards is the matter of incentive. Given their "druthers," manufacturers on the whole would prefer that there be no standards for consumer products. They pay fervent lip service to the virtues of competition, but they are much more comfortable without it.

The present incentive that is moving some manufacturers gingerly to examine the need for consumer standards is the "consumerist" movement, now in full cry, and its attendant cloud, no bigger than a housewife's hand, that threatens to grow into the thunderhead of government domination of our nation's system of standards development. This threat must either materialize or disappear for the tension cannot be maintained indefinitely. If it materializes, the ball game is over. If it disappears, the government must then find a way to provide a permanent, effective incentive to the private sector to develop the standards so sorely needed by our nation's consumers.

The issue is joined. No bands play, no troops march. The struggle goes on quietly in Congressional staff offices, industry board rooms, and the committees of standards writing groups. Despite the lack of noise and the almost total lack of public understanding of the question, the outcome will have incalculable economic consequences for industry and consumers. The free enterprise system faces a major trial. If it fails to measure up, we will all be the losers.

Blood and Fire Against the Draft

PETER ROWLEY
Mr. Rowley has written for the New Statesman, Economist, New Republic *and* Catholic Digest. *He is currently at work on a novel.*

Burning and mutilating draft board files has grown to the point where it is a significant new development in the history of nonviolent protest. It is also becoming a rallying point for the peace movement against the war in Vietnam. As the Paris peace talks drag on and the deaths in Vietnam continue, these attacks on draft boards increase in number and nuisance value to the Selective Service System. Since 1967 there have been eleven incidents, excluding an invasion of the Dow Chemical office in March of this year in Washington, D.C., and the burning down of the draft board in Great Neck, N.Y., cause unknown.

It all started in Big Lake, Minn., when young Barry Bondhus, member of a family morally opposed to conscription but not, ironically, to this war, deposited his and his brothers' excrement, gathered in pails, on the files of his local board. He served fourteen months in jail and was immortalized, inaccurately, as a pacifist-hero in the song, *The Ballad of Barry Bondhus*. On October 27, 1967, four pacifists, including Rev. Philip Berrigan, poured simulated blood on files in the Baltimore Customs House. The reaction of the majority of the opponents to the war was that the Baltimore action was too "way out" to have much impact on public opinion.

Nevertheless it led to Catonsville, Md., on May 17, 1968, where another group, including Berrigan and his brother Dan the poet, burned 600 files with napalm. The actions by now were clearly Christian-oriented, and religious convictions were a keynote of the defense at the subsequent trial. On June 2, 1968, Frank Femia and Suzi Williams attacked a Boston draft board; on September 24, 1968, fourteen men burned 4,000 1-A files in Milwaukee. There then followed Washington, D.C., and on May 25, 1969, Chicago, where fifteen people immolated 50,000 files. Up to this point the assaults on draft boards were regarded "as the Catholic bag or thing by the rest of the peace movement," says Jill Boskey, one of five women who attacked thirteen New York boards in one building on July 2.

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On May 21 and May 20, respectively, an induction center in Los Angeles, Calif., and a draft board in Silver Springs, Md., were struck, and these two events combined with the one in New York were carried out largely by non-Catholics, the first evidence that the nonviolent-but-violent-to-property technique was widening in its appeal. In August there were two more file-destruction incidents, both in New York, one at a Bronx draft board and another in Jamaica, Queens. So far an estimated 400,000 to 500,000 files have been affected; at least sixty-three persons, most of them in their 20s, have been charged by federal and state governments with these "crimes," and a total of sixty-five boards out of 4,000 in America have been involved, approximately 1.6 per cent. Currently only seventeen individuals are in jail. Most of them belong to the "Milwaukee fourteen" group, which includes five priests. The original bail for the fourteen was set at $450,000—a little more than $30,000 for each defendant. Under Wisconsin law, the defendants could not be admitted to bail pending appeal so that thirteen of them are now in prison (the fourteenth is to be tried separately).

What effect, if any, have these attacks had on the nation's draft boards? Officials either contend that the burnings are ineffective or admit delays and increased costs as a result of them. Like the war in Vietnam both sides have a tendency to exaggerate. In the Chicago action it was later shown that only the surface of the files was burned. In New York at what is now known as either "Women Against Daddy Warbucks" or "Ladies Day at the Draft Board," the women claim: "We tore into four pieces each file, mixed them up on the floor and removed the 102 ledgers which list the men's names, dates of birth, and order of induction." Gen. Lewis B. Hershey, the national director of Selective Service, says the actions are a serious inconvenience.

Obviously the draft board attacks have not slowed inductions because when one board is unable to meet its quota, other boards send out more "Greetings" in their areas. The federal government is spending hundreds of thousands of additional dollars to restore the files, improve security, and prosecute the offenders.

The attackers are hoping that draftees will bring legal actions against the boards affected to prevent themselves from being conscripted "out of turn." The trouble with this approach is that the courts will entertain a case only after refusal of induction, which means, if the draftee loses the case, possibly five years in prison. Injunctions against induction have not been allowed so far under the present law.

The motivation behind the attacks is complex. First and foremost is hatred of the Vietnamese conflict. There is frustration because of the seemingly ineffectiveness of more conventional protests, such as demonstrations and "within the system" political activity. Mark Rudd, the SDS leader who led the Columbia University uprisings, says: "Anyone can take a building, but to walk in and deface draft records, well, that takes a lot of courage."

The first stage of protest, as different from the current nonreligious one, was based on religious ideals. One of the District of Columbia nine, Joe O'Rourke, says: "Catholics coming from a power-oriented and corrupt organization were well suited to attack monolithic systems." It was strong personal conviction that enabled them to face public and police hostility. The *Milwaukee Journal* headlined, MILWAUKEE 14 FAIL IN BID TO WIN PUBLIC SYMPATHY.

The opposition of the young to the military-industrial complex is an increasingly important factor. Two of the New York draft board attackers told me, "We don't want to be trapped into the system our parents were." There are also more personal motives. Someone connected with these incidents said: "The Marxists and Maoists in the New Left accuse us of heroics and being elitists. However,

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they too have their own small cadres. We're also accused of masochism and martyrdom and self-destruction. There is some slight truth to this. In any case you cannot help but have a few neurotics in a movement like this. Belligerence against the world is a slight factor too. Proving one's manhood is also a motive."

The draft board assaults are, as their New Left opponents charge, individualistic. But this is their strength, for there is proof—*visible to the eye*—that the action has had an effect unlike the mass demonstrations of Berkeley or Chicago, which at least in immediate terms, produce only broken heads and no change in the political system. An article in *Commonweal*, the Catholic weekly, calls them "a sort of theater of literal effects." They are, then, means by which young men and women can attack a tiny part of the system they oppose, a dramatic way of publicizing the peace movement, and a source of encouragement to radical leftists. Whether they increase in frequency depends on the progress of the Paris peace talks and the future of the draft.

DEFINING THE FUTURE

GERALD FEINBERG
Mr. Feinberg, professor of physics at Columbia University, is the author of The Prometheus Project: Mankind's Search for Long-Range Goals *(Doubleday).*

The past few years have brought an enormous upsurge of interest in the future. This is evinced by many scholarly and popular books and articles that have been published dealing with aspects of our yet hypothetical future. A further indication is the formation of various organizations, missions and other groups in different parts of the world to study the future, either as a whole, or in part. While there is a long history of concern with the subject, especially in imaginative literature, the serious attention being given today by academic intellectuals to prophecy, and the support of their activities by such power centers as government and industry, is novel, unless one considers as a precedent the royal support of fortunetellers in other ages.

There are several understandable sources for this new concern with what is to be. One is the recognition that societies have changed in many ways from those of the recent past. Since the forces which produced these changes may operate to produce still more, we are impelled to try to identify such prospective changes before they occur in order that we may better be able to deal with them.

Another source of interest in the future is the purely intellectual desire to achieve a greater understanding of more of the world. Predicting the future is particularly attractive to social scientists for this reason; through it they test their theories, which cannot generally be done by setting up controlled experiments, as natural scientists do. Furthermore, since it is generally accepted that providing explanations for known facts is not nearly as critical a test for a theory as is predicting yet unobserved phenomena, prediction of the future is a better proving ground for theories about society than is historical explanation.

A particular attitude toward the future, which is both unjustified and inopportune, has often been the result of this prophetic approach. The implicit assumption in many recent studies has been that the future, like the past, is a fixed condition which we should try to understand, rather than an undetermined state which we can try to influence. This is unjustified because what will happen at any time in the future is not yet fixed but depends on what will happen in the period between now and then. It is inopportune because more and more of what happens in the world is subject to human intervention and control, so that more than ever before we have the power to determine the future, rather than to prophesy it. Given this rapidly developing power, the result of what we have learned about the world and ourselves, we should be more concerned with choosing what future we want than with divining what providence or blind chance has in store. We should recognize that to an ever increasing extent, the future is what we make it.

It is sometimes argued that we should avoid determining the future in order to leave open as many options as possible for generations yet unborn. It is difficult to make sense of this view because our actions will influence the future whether or not we wish them to. Since the environment that men inhabit is now to a large extent man made, the lives of future men will be shaped by actions of today. Thus, if we care about the future at all, the choice is between doing what we can to make things come out in a way we think best, or allowing them to result from random actions. Unless one believes that things will work out for the best whether or not we intervene, the choice seems obvious. If man does not take care of his own future, then nothing or no one will do it for him.

Of course, it is impossible for us to determine the future completely or to predict it with complete accuracy. The lives of individuals or of small groups depend on too many special features for them to be fixed in any real detail ahead of time. However, the general features of a society, which characterize the lives of most or all of its members, can be more easily decided by actions taken in advance. Examples of these common features are the biological nature of people, the technological abilities of the society, the political system, etc. Obviously, these factors play very important roles in defining the lives of the people in a society, but do not determine their lives completely. It is such general aspects of life that I shall be referring to when I write about choosing our future.

The recognition that the future is ours to determine

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is especially important in view of the possibilities for drastic changes in man and his society that come from our advanced technology. One familiar aspect of this is that through technology, we have or soon will have the potential to do things that can affect our environment very substantially. For example, the energy generated by man on earth is well on the way to becoming a measurable fraction of that coming to the earth from the sun. This situation, if it develops much further, could easily have a large and probably detrimental effect on the earth's overall climate. On the other hand, the new energy sources available to us through nuclear reactions afford us the possibility of making positive changes in the environment on a grand scale, such as massive desalting of the sea water.

Probably even more important and novel than such possibilities for environmental changes are the possibilities for altering the functioning of man himself that are being opened up to us by developments in biology and psychology. These developments are likely to be more important because they affect man more directly and because man is what matters most to himself. They are more novel because our ability to influence the way our bodies and minds work—when compared to what we can do with the rest of nature—has been quite limited in the past.

Major perturbations on our society have already been produced by such developments in these areas as the introduction of effective contraceptives or of drugs that affect the mind, like LSD. These innovations are the beginning of what our increased knowledge of biology and psychology is going to make possible. We are now gaining the scientific knowledge necessary to do biological engineering, that is, the design of biological organisms, including human beings, so that certain of their functions can be better performed. Some examples of what may be possible, that have been discussed by scientists working in these fields, include advance determination of the traits of children by direct gene manipulation, electrical transmission of information to the brain without going through the senses, and even the elimination of aging and death. Unexpected developments may well be even more spectacular than these. Man may soon have the ability to make himself biologically what he wants—and the question then will become, what does he want to be?

In view of the almost universal dissatisfaction with various aspects of the human condition, we may reasonably infer that men will choose to utilize some of their new powers to modify themselves. If we do choose to use the technological fruits of scientific advance to change man, we must realize that our social institutions will have to change accordingly, since they have for the most part been developed to reflect the existing biological character of man and might not be appropriate under new circumstances. For example, the elimination of aging and death, or even a substantial increase in the active life span, would suggest changes in almost every aspect of our present-day society. These include education, marriage, seniority, retirement procedures, inheritance and all the other consequences of a limited life span. While a new society that would be appropriate to the new condition could doubtless be built, it would be very different from our own. It is probable that the changes in society that could result from the use of biological engineering would be much more radical and thoroughgoing than any in previous history.

The potentiality for such world-shaking changes in man and society through technological innovation is not confined to biological engineering. It is implicit in many other areas where there have been major technological advances. Another such area is computer technology, which has raised the possibility of creating artificial intelligence comparable to human intelligence, and also of a world without need for human work. Still another would be the establishment of radio contact with an intelligent extraterrestrial species and the possibility of detailed communication with it.

The practical realization of any one of these possibilities should involve us in a careful examination of its long-term consequences before it is put into operation. If they all occur, the need for this becomes even more critical.

If such an examination is to be done rationally, we must know how to predict the consequences of our actions, and we must know what we want to accomplish. If we are unable or unwilling to think through qualitatively the long-range effects of technological innovations singly or in combination, then even with the best of intentions we may end up producing a world which neither we nor our descendants find desirable or even livable. While this could also happen without our intervention, it would be an ultimate tragedy if we engineer it ourselves.

The ability to make long-range predictions of the consequences of our actions is not well developed at present. The intellectual problems involved here are very similar to those that have come up in the attempts mentioned earlier to predict the future. The main difference is the element of considering alternative choices for innovation, rather than guessing what unique things might happen. It would therefore seem logical to extend the scope of some future studies in this direction to see what kind of world may arise, if we can and do make specific technological innovations. Through this type of study we might get some idea, by comparing different predictions, of the variations that might occur in the actual situation. However, I believe that we will have to develop new intellectual methods for dealing with the extremely complex system that is human society in order that long-range planning may be accurate. These new methods will very likely involve the widespread use of high-speed computers. Some progress in this direction has already been made in the fields of systems analysis and related disciplines, but this is only a beginning. The detailed understanding and accurate prediction of the behavior of complex systems is a problem that occurs, and is unsolved, in almost all branches of science, and it is reasonable to expect that methods to do this will eventually be developed in some branch, and will then find general applications. Perhaps the need for long-range extrapolation of technological innovation will act as an important spur to do this quickly.

The development of methods for accurate long-range

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forecasting is the major intellectual problem that must be solved before we can rationally determine our future. But even if that is accomplished, we will still face the decision of what we want the future to be. We may think of our increased technological ability as a vehicle that can transport us, and the ability to do long-range forecasts as a road map that tells us where we can go, but we still must choose where it is that we want to go before setting out.

It is clear that when we are able to make fundamental changes in the way things are, we should try to figure out how we want them to be before committing ourselves to the changes. It is, however, not at all clear what mankind actually wants itself and its world to be. The answers given to this question by ancient religions and philosophies are flawed by the lack of understanding on the part of their propounders of the essential discoveries of modern science. Since these discoveries have had a major effect on our picture of the world and man's place in it, it is natural that we should reconsider our goals in the light of this knowledge. But this has generally not been done in modern times when most social thinkers have been committed to a program of amelioration of immediate troubles and to a concern for short-range problems. It is as true for revolutionist as for evolutionist and for conservative thinkers that they have paid little heed to where mankind was eventually going. Furthermore, most such thinkers have thought of the biological aspect of man as fixed and considered how man could be changed by changing society, rather than inversely. Their pronouncements are therefore not especially useful in the coming situation in which man will be biologically and psychologically malleable.

What is needed is a new consideration by mankind of what, in the broadest sense, it wants to be. The limitations imposed on us by the laws of nature are very wide and there is reason to believe that we can accomplish almost anything we wish, although these laws may require us to use methods different from any we might have imagined necessary to accomplish some particular end. However, the attainment of one particular aim automatically precludes others, that could equally well have been done but no longer can be. We must therefore choose what long-term goals mankind wishes to achieve. Such a choice of goals that we will work toward would establish general principles which could be used to guide the many short-term decisions that we will need to make in determining the nearby future. These principles could help also in establishing priorities among the many activities that compete for our attention. Without such principles, the implementation of our technological advances will be done blindly, and we will have reason to despair of the ultimate outcome. With them, we will be doing our best to create a world better than anything that has been before or that would occur without our conscious effort.

How then are we to choose our goals and who is to make the choice? The only satisfactory answer is that we all must choose together, for the future is everybody's business. There has been a long-term historical trend both in ideology and in actuality toward more democratic participation in societal decision-making processes, and as a result men will want to have a role in deciding the future. Since the aspects of the future that we are focusing on can eventually affect the whole human race, it seems reasonable to plan these aspects in terms of the human race, rather than any limited branch of it. Although there are obvious differences in the present lives of the people of the world, it is just when we are considering major changes in our way of life that these differences are least important. For example, it may not be necessary for the underdeveloped countries to reach the technological level of developed countries before their people go to the stage beyond, along with those in developed countries.

When considering choices that will affect the whole human race, it is essential that the widest possible group of people be involved in making them. The contrary notion, that such choices should be made by some elite group or groups, with special qualifications of intellect or knowledge, entails a misunderstanding of the problem. Intellectual considerations play their crucial role in the preliminary determination of what it is possible to achieve, and in the process of figuring out how to achieve the goals that have been chosen. There is no reason to require that everyone participate in these processes, but the choice of what we want is more a matter of feeling than of intellect. In matters of feeling, there are no special qualifications; each man has feelings which can contribute toward the reaching of a consensus. To rely on some elite group—because of superior knowledge or expertise—to make the choices that properly belong to all, is to commit the old philosophical error of assuming a parallel between ethical and factual statements, which actually does not exist.

We must thus develop a program through which all concerned men can participate in the determination of what the human race wishes to make of itself and of its world. It is essential, though extremely difficult, to avoid as much as possible, entangling this program with the political and social divisions that play such an important role in the contemporary world. There are many aspects of the future that are of common interest to all men, whatever their political persuasion. It would be a salutary step to determine and publicize fundamental positive areas of mutual interest that men could work for together. If this could be done, it would in itself tend to diminish the apparent importance of those matters that divide men, and in that way would contribute to insuring that the human race survives to have a future.

Obviously, to carry out such a program involves immense difficulties and will require the creation of entirely new institutions through which the mutual consultation and interaction between people can be channeled. But even more than this, it requires a recognition on the part of enough people that such an effort is needed, and their dedication to setting up means by which it can begin. Given that dedication, then means to implement it can surely be worked out.

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BOOKS & THE ARTS

The Persistence of Liberalism

THE END OF LIBERALISM: Ideology, Policy, and the Crisis of Public Authority. *By Theodore J. Lowi. W. W. Norton & Co. 322 pp. $6.95. Paper $2.50.*

HENRY S. KARIEL

Mr. Kariel is professor of political science at the University of Hawaii, member of the executive committee of the Caucus for a New Political Science, and author of, among others, The Promise of Politics *(Prentice-Hall) and* Open Systems: Arenas for Political Action *(F. E. Peacock).*

It is so much an American convention to regard politics as a struggle for power over scarce material resources that an alternative conception is virtually unthinkable. Following the dominant ideology, you engage in political action so as to realize some quite definite objective, so as to get something tangible out of it. If you go into politics at all—and even voting is a partial entry—it is to reap some reward, something which, when all goes well, will serve to enrich your private life. You electioneer, cast a ballot, lobby, and even occupy public office in order to make the laws favor you, or at least to keep them from doing you harm. The rewards lie not in the process but in some calculable results. The process itself is no meaningful substitute for victory. It is but a means to an end.

Because most candidates and bills are defeated, the political process seems to consist of a succession of painful experiences which, so we have been led to believe, only the few are prepared to bear. Nothing is gained, according to the prevailing conception, by someone who merely perceives new interests, publicly displays them, and succeeds in bringing them into a precarious state of balance. Only future generations or invisible interests are gratified by such balancing acts. There would seem to be so few rewards and pleasures in the *process* of politicking that it is incredible anyone should aspire to engage in it at all.

So far, American political science has done little to make credible an alternative conception of politics. True, Murray Edelman, Robert J. Pranger and a few others have pointed to its expressive aspects, recognizing political participation as a form of symbolic action, treating it as the most comprehensive of the performing arts. But at the center of the discipline, politics is seen in "realistic" terms as a mode of behavior in which individuals—to the extent that they are rational—strive to maximize their power. In widely respected theory, the citizen remains the economic man who has learned from *Federalist* No. 10 that he is driven by private ambition and that he will find it in his self-interest to enter the political market place, there to strike what bargains he must to extract what he can.

This astringent ideology—the model of liberalism patented by Hobbes, Adam Smith, Hume and Madison—was ultimately to be qualified by the theory of pluralism. Sovereign individuals were replaced by sovereign groups: the new theory exalts a self-regulating process of interest-group competition. Theodore Lowi's *The End of Liberalism* makes clear in considerable detail what is entailed when this interest-group liberalism, as he aptly calls it, is taken seriously, when it becomes the public philosophy legitimizing governmental policies.

Subjecting public policies to analysis, Professor Lowi shows that while government organized on the basis of interest-group liberalism can respond to social needs by activating itself, it cannot coordinate and focus its efforts. It cannot plan. Its power, though massive and dynamic, is delegated, dispersed, diffused, and ultimately exhausted. Congress may wish to direct television broadcasters to act in specified ways; but, unable clearly to articulate its wish, it will delegate power to the FCC which, in turn, succumbs to the needs of the most established sector of the broadcasting industry. While governmental power is thus emasculated, private power is enhanced. Policy objectives being undefined at the center of government, they are "informally" interpreted at the margins of the administrative process—and erode. Institutions of popular control atrophy; old structures of privilege are maintained; and adjustment to new social pressures is retarded. A pluralistic system—one within which public policy originates at the top of private hierarchies of power—operates against the emergence of those laws which might give form and focus to common enterprises. As a result, domestic policy is characterized by drift and deadlock whereas foreign policy remains a sequence of incoherent *ad hoc* reactions unconvincingly rationalized by programmatic rhetoric. The problems posed by inner-city ghettos, racial conflict, income inequality and international anarchy fail to be met within the framework of interest-group liberalism.

Given this diagnosis, Lowi's remedy is so obvious as to almost suggest itself: to him it seems imperative to firm up. We must recover our respect for formal institutions, uphold clearly articulated law, and get back to explicit standards. To regain our balance, we must rehabilitate what Professor Lowi calls alternatively "democratic formalism" and "juridical democracy."

That his prescription—basically his plea for formalizing the procedures of government—should suggest a return to traditional constitutional principles is not surprising, for he furnishes himself with no theory for transcending the present state of affairs. His work assuredly demonstrates what is entailed in practice when we continue to accept the ideology of liberalism as authoritative. Yet he offers no words—no dialectic—which put the depicted results in jeopardy. Held in check by the gritty diction of political science, he hardly expands our knowledge of political possibilities or challenges the dominant understanding of the meaning of our public life. Characterizing his plea as "radical reform," he hopes for the restoration of the rule of law.

It is likely, however, that our public predicaments are more basic than Lowi's approach allows us to recognize, that we are confronted by romantic insurgents in society who insist on calling attention to emotional resources which "the rule of law" as conventionally defined scarcely accommodates. Reacting to Madisonian constitutionalism, to Robert's Rules of Order, to a plate-glass and plastic civilization, and ultimately to all rationality and discipline, they are prepared to blow the whole show. So far, the rest of us have displayed neither the will nor the wit to entertain a political formula capacious enough to include advocates of willful spontaneity as well as fanatics hysterically lashing back. Until we do, treatises such as Lowi's are at best an impassioned parade of facts followed by ingenious analysis. They cannot provide us with the vision to move beyond our current maladies toward a community within which increasingly more interests are integrated without being assimilated—that is, esteemed for what they are.

The limits of Professor Lowi's work may help make clear that the problem of the practitioners of contemporary

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political science is to find it within themselves to adopt perspectives—models, metaphors, languages, forms—which might impel them to perceive the unacknowledged dimensions of the romantic impulse in society. Confined by the dominant ideology, haunted by the specter of Jacobinism, political scientists continue to look for the worst and find it: the triumph of the will, social convulsion, formless power. They have yet to acknowledge potentialities dramatized by writers from Rousseau to Malraux, revealing that the worst promises the best: dedication, loyalty, courage, nerve, vitality, idealism, compassion. Of course they will discover no final formula which might tell us how much romanticism—how many eccentric interests—can safely be injected into the channels of politics. But they may reveal that our common life would be enriched were we capable of bringing outsiders into the present balance of interests, were we psychologically and economically prepared to enlarge politics by including those apolitical men whose very posture is a protest against the lack of community.

Although Lowi's perspective includes those not now engaged politically, it does so only in part. It fails to appreciate them as carriers of experiences and styles which it may profit insiders to recognize, which would make politics less conventional, at once more difficult and more pleasurable to bear—provided we can bear new forms at all. It fails to incorporate men who hunger for community, mutual respect, recognition, intimacy, sincerity and idealism. Until we find the words which might make it legitimate for men who are frustrated and frantic to share the pleasures of participation, to bring their impulses under control and gain in composure, we will remain dumbfounded victims of the situation depicted by Professor Lowi. We will experience the crisis to which the subtitle of his book refers, but will not grasp its meaning and cannot come to terms with it.

That Lowi fails to expand our political consciousness can hardly be held against him. Nor can he be blamed for his repetitive style or patronizing illustrations. He is, after all, a political scientist offering an analysis which must attract at least those who assign reading to undergraduates. For them, he has provided an innovative text—readable, engagingly opinionated, efficiently organized, likely to sell. He is sensitive to the established facts, the rules rather than the exceptions, the decisions made rather than losses suffered. In view of the commitments of his professional discipline, it would be perverse to expect him to have offered the saving metaphors by which poets establish new realities, making others aware of lives they fail to live, of a politics they might yet experience.

Hung Up on Immortality

THE KINGDOM AND THE POWER: The Story of the Men Who Influence the Institution that Influences the World. *By Gay Talese. The New American Library. 555 pp. $10.*

FRED POWLEDGE
Mr. Powledge used to write for The New York Times, *reporting on race relations. He is the author of* Black Power-White Resistance *(World), and is now working on a book about cities, particularly New Haven, Conn., for Simon & Schuster.*

Ordinarily, when a book comes along about some giant of the journalism industry, it is a painful and embarrassing experience. Such books are usually authorized versions, and they are generally awful; they are obvious and heavy-handed attempts to reflect with perfect fidelity the publisher's image of himself and his institution. Every ordinary executive seems bigger and wiser than life, and the publisher seems the biggest and wisest of them all; every hapless reporter who stumbles into a natural disaster is a hero; every anecdote serves to reinforce the institution's concept of itself as a place where fine and only moderately eccentric men work lovingly at low pay for the privilege of being turned on by the hum of presses. These books go into journalism school libraries and copies of them are given, along with pamphlets explaining the pension plan, to new staffers, who, fortunately, never have the time to read them.

Gay Talese's book on *The New York Times* breaks that rule, and it breaks it magnificently. Not only has he explained the pre-eminent institution of an industry that ordinarily resists having itself explained; he has explained it in readable, understandable, even exciting terms.

Talese, who for ten years was a staffer for the *Times*, and who now is a free lance, did his work without authorization but with a great amount of cooperation from individuals at the *Times*. (New employees are given copies of *The Story of The New York Times*, by the late Meyer Berger, for their authoritative version of the paper's history. It is a thorough and competent book and perhaps the best of its sort, but it is authorized.)

In his author's note, Talese says he is trying to produce "a human history of an institution in transition, a book that would tell more about the men who report the news than the news they report . . . the internal scenes and confrontations and adjustments that are part of the vitality and growth of any enduring institution."

Now that amounts to a formidable undertaking, considering the vastness, complexity, and secretiveness of the institution of journalism in general and of the *Times* in particular. And such an effort comes at a time when the institution is indeed in transition, when the public and the craftsmen inside the business seem to be asking more and more about the relevance and the fitness of the business and about the immunity from criticism, regulation and involvement that it has been enjoying for so long.

The *Times* is hung up on immortality. It is at the same time an enormous bureaucratic institution, with all the troubles of such institutions, and the best piece of daily journalism that we have. Its editors and reporters and publisher are profoundly concerned with a desire for their work to shape the nation and the world, and most of all to *endure*. Sometimes, quite naturally, they translate all this into their own personal desire to endure. And so, quite often, the editors and executives often forget that they all work for the same outfit. The inner conflicts and passions of these men are beautifully documented in *The Kingdom and the Power*. It is no less than a landmark in the field of writing about journalism.

During the last few years, Talese writes, there has been "a quiet revolution" going on within the *Times*, a revolution "distinguished for its tactics and intrigue." Talese then proceeds to examine and explain that revolution—but not as an exposé, for, while the struggle for power at the *Times* may be fierce, it is carried on by gentlemen and it rarely is naked. He explains it in terms of the humanity and the fallibility of the men who made, and are making, the revolution—and some who dropped out along the way.

There is James Reston, the repository of so much of the *Times*'s power down at the Washington bureau, "a poor boy to whom America had indeed been a land of opportunity," and who thus developed "a gratitude, a patriotism that made him a better convert than a critic." There is Clifton Daniel, an "almost lovely" man who, as managing editor, lost a crucial battle to Reston. There is A. M. Rosenthal, the distinguished foreign correspondent who came home to shake up the metropolitan news staff, and who got shaken up a bit himself by

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the somewhat vicious reactions of the older staffers to his proposed reforms, but who has survived and who seems likely to keep on surviving. (This summer there were several "promotions" at the *Times*, and Rosenthal got Daniel's job.)

There is Harrison Salisbury (my own favorite character in all these struggles), a man seen often in the middle distance, carefully, quietly observing others' struggles, taking notes, remembering: "He had spent much of his career writing about Russian purges and plots, power politics and executive intrigue, the ups and downs of commissars, and he was a master at bureaucratic gamesmanship." And behind it all, the big, silent, red-faced Mississippian, Turner Catledge, about whom Talese writes perhaps the most, and explains the least, for Catledge is a vastly powerful but mysterious man at the *Times*, and it is possible that one of the reasons for his power is that less powerful men do not know how much power he has or where it comes from.

And Tom Wicker and Lester Markel, John Phillips, the early Ochses and Sulzbergers, and the later ones, and Abe Raskin, Herbert Matthews, John Oakes, Claude Sitton, Homer Bigart, Craig Claiborne, David Halberstam, Charlotte Curtis, J. Anthony Lukas and John Corry, each of them far more interesting than, say, the rise and fall of the Western edition, although Talese covers that, too.

Some readers may become nervous over Talese's technique of telling you what all these characters were thinking: The paper was "like an elephant, Catledge thought"; Reston "saw himself locked in a debate with his colleagues in New York. . . ." Perhaps it should be explained that the people with whom Talese is dealing are so involved in the immortality of their institution, and in their own immortality (for most of them, personal immortality only means leaving their personal stamp on their immortal institution), that it is perfectly reasonable to assume that these men granted the author as much time as he needed, as much access to their inner thoughts and fears as he wanted, all in the interests of immortality.

The immortality of *The New York Times*, and of the people who work for it, seems to be seriously in doubt right now, and that is another reason why Talese's book is so valuable. For so long, now, the newspaper has been accepted at face value by so many important people. It was, as Talese puts it, a "necessary proof of the world's existence, a barometer of its pressure, an assessor of its sanity." But in recent years the barometer seems to be leaking. People who never questioned the *Times* are finding it, like most other institutions, inadequate. It was one thing to read in the *Times* about the Southern sheriffs and to feel compassion and send money to Martin Luther King; now, the *Times* reader can often see the confrontations with his own eyes, on his own block, or perhaps in Grand Central Station, and what he sees is frequently at odds with what he reads the next day.

The paper has not properly reported the troubles of the cities. It certainly has not approached the comprehensive job that a single staffer, now gone, Claude Sitton, did in the South in the mid-sixties. The *Times* did a glorious job not long ago of reporting financial shortages in New York City's poverty program, but it did little to explain the program back when it was starting and when it was going through its crucial period of organization. It could be argued that the program might not have fallen into such despair if the *Times* had paid it the sort of attention all along that it routinely pays to, say, the arrival of buyers, Joe Namath, or the antics of Charlotte Curtis' little gaggle of social people.

The *Times* gave one side of the Columbia University uprising, but its sensitivity failed when confronted with the other. One of its finest reporters, Tony Lukas, wrote a moving article about a girl who had fled comfortable suburban life in Greenwich, Conn., for the hippie scene in Greenwich Village, and who was murdered there; Lukas won a Pulitzer Prize for it. It remained for *Esquire* to see the need for a story about the poor, unprivileged boy who was murdered with her and to ask Lukas to write it.

It was as if the issues of black alienation in the North, youthful distrust of the older generations, and the radicalization of young and old had somehow been too much for the *Times*. It did foolish things: it joined with the rest of white business in explaining the lack of black faces in the newsroom with the moan that "we can't find any qualified ones." Then, when it finally did start hiring more than a token or two, the paper became uptight when one of them acted like a white reporter. Eager to prove his value and to carve out some kind of nonracial identity in the vast newsroom, he wrote stories that were later to be classified as fantasy. He left the paper (at the *Times*, few people are fired), and for a long time afterward it was obvious that the next "one" would have to be superhumanly "responsible."

The *Times* upgraded a fine, sharp, but somewhat scroungy looking copy boy to reporter and wanted him to report on the youthful revolt, but it also sent him to Brooks Brothers on his lunch hour, with an advance on his next week's salary, to buy a suit. The *Times* decided, three and a half years ago, that the big story was the troubles of the cities, and a meeting of editors and reporters was convened to discuss this idea, and race relations was not mentioned in the metropolitan editor's list of priorities.

Perhaps one reason for all this is that no newspaper, not even the best that we have, could do an adequate job of reporting and interpreting such rapidly developing social change. Maybe no institution at all could summon such sensitivity; certainly the institutions of education, politics, labor and the postal service have failed to keep up. But no good newspaper man would ever admit that his craft was *incapable* of adapting itself to the changing society. A more likely answer is that many of those who were in positions of authority at the *Times*, or who were on their way up the editorial ladders, were not devoting enough of their energies to being newspaper men. They were dissipating too much of their energies on watching Harrison Salisbury to see if he were watching them; and in speculating on Tom Wicker's fate; and in cataloguing who was going in and out of E.C. Daniel's office. And, being preoccupied with these diversions, they were unable or unwilling to take on the risks and controversies involved in reporting completely and fearlessly on social movements that were becoming increasingly neither black nor white, becoming increasingly more complex and demanding than dirigible explosions and Presidential news conferences.

Talese does not attempt to resolve questions such as these, and some may consider this a fault. I do not think so. If he had entered this vast and relatively unexplored territory (explored only by the reporters, over beer, at Gough's Chop House after the deadlines, and by furious and generally uninformed writers in *Ramparts* and *The Village Voice*), the book would have lost some of its timeless, surgically clean quality.

What Talese does do, and does so well, is provide sufficient background information, and provide it in never-boring abundance so that an informed reader can, for the first time, do his own interpretive reporting on *The New York Times*.

Talese quotes a *Times* staffer who told Adolph Ochs, in 1916, on the occasion of the staffer's resignation, that "the *Times* was so well and solidly made that there was almost nothing an individual could do to it." The staffer was going to the *Herald Tribune*, which was not so solidly made.

A few years ago, Gay Talese was sitting at his desk halfway back in the huge city room, watching the deadlines go

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past (for he had no major assignment that day), talking with a group of other young reporters, as usual, about working on the *Times*.

Their conclusion was that there was very little an individual could do to the *Times*. They complained that whatever creativity they had was being ground out of them by the huge, impersonal system that produced a newspaper every day, and they complained about all the energy that was wasted on playing the power game, and they talked, as young reporters always do, of going to the *Herald Tribune* (it was alive then and still not solid) and writing a column better than Jimmy Breslin, or of free lancing. And they talked of their reluctance to leave the *Times*. It is difficult to leave the best of something, to turn in the fluorescent police pass and the Air Travel Card and the knowledge that big, important men will return your telephone calls.

Of that group that evening, all are now gone from the city room. One of them died, unexpectedly, after resigning to write a novel. Two went to magazines. Two are free lancing, and Gay Talese is one of those. He was able to do something to the *Times*, after he left it, to tell some of the truth about the men who run it, and for that the *Times* should be thankful.

Report of a Repentant Symposiast

GEORGE P. ELLIOTT
Mr. Elliott's most recent book is a collection of poems, From the Berkeley Hills *(Harper & Row).*

After a symposium, those who are simply polite look at you sympathetically and half smile; the polite for whom even a little hypocrisy is a great strain cast their unhappy glances anywhere but at you; the polite and kind murmur "very interesting, very stimulating," or even valiantly take issue with one of your points for a minute or two. There are also the impolite.

Last year after a symposium, a young caught me at the Party After and, writhing in an agony of embarrassment, blurted at me, "Why did you do it?" The true answer, I suppose, was vanity, but I was not about to say this to a stranger: I don't go in for cocktail confessions much. Besides, I'd guessed ahead of time that this was likely to be a bad evening —the topic, the occasion, the symposiasts, all had promised the tedious disaster we'd just been in; and knowingly to participate thus in public folly implies a vanity too depraved to dump on even a rude young under such circumstances. Anyhow, I'd also come to this bash out of a sort of loyalty to an editor, paying off an old debt, a fact which was none of the young's business. The decibels in the room were approaching the five-jackhammer level. "Money!" I shouted. "Money? But you can't need the money." "No, but I like it." He writhed away. My special, campy (*i.e.*, perverted), secret satisfaction came from knowing that I'd be clearing less than $50 from this turn; at least he hadn't asked *how much* money and so spoiled my anti-nonjoke. After the Party After, thinking about this episode, I felt like something out of Susan Sontag; and believe me, whoever you are, I don't enjoy feeling like something out of Susan Sontag.

Once, years ago, at a regional meeting of the MLA in Seattle, I was on a good symposium. Somehow, the demon in charge of keeping symposiums lousy had been negligent: things went well for us. Everybody stayed on the subject, which is nearly unheard of; odder yet, the subject was worth staying on. It wasn't The Future of the Novel, or The Function of Drama Today, or Form and Content in Modernist Poetry. It was defined by a critical essay, the first chapter of Sheldon Sacks's then unpublished book *Fiction and the Shape of Belief*, which the five symposiasts and the audience of seventy had read ahead of time. The essay was intelligent, disputatious and moral, and the subject mattered to us all. We enjoyed that fine sort of intellectual intercourse in which things worth listening to get said. But, as I mentioned, the demon had fallen down on his job, in a way and to a degree I have not detected in him before or since. Nearly always, the question to be asked about a symposium is *how bad?*

The least bad one I have been on was rigged. A dear friend and I were invited to be on a symposium with one moderator and no other symposiasts. Seeing our chance, we unscrupulously plotted between ourselves to pay no attention to the subject or to whatever the moderator might say, but to continue in public our years-long argument, most of the terms and twists of which we knew well by then. Our collusion fooled the demon all right, though the inconsecutiveness between our argument and the moderator's comments made for some mighty rough bumps. As we were leaving the Party After, our host professor, whom we had known for several years, said, "I want you to know that was the best symposium I was ever at, and I sure have seen some bad ones in my time." *Post symposiasm, omnia intellectual tristem est.*

The worst one I've ever been on—or maybe the next worst, it's hard to make these delicate discriminations—took place at St. Mary's College (California) where such things had never been known before. No two of the four of us talked on the same subject (The State of Literature in America, or some such ilk, had been announced). Alfred Kazin, the symposiarch for the occasion, droned a passage from a book he was writing. I droned a passage from a book I was not writing. Evan Connell, who had never talked in public before, talked to the 500 before us, and has never done it again. Herb Gold, who is defter at the craft of symposiastry than anyone else I know, said nothing wittily for ten minutes. His joke that day was to begin, "There are three respects in which. First we see that." And all the earnest coed pencils flashed. But there was no second, no third. Pretty little foreheads puckered, pencils drooped, heads leaned and touched, they gave up. Then came questions from the floor, and the wrangle. The next day, a student on the committee which had perpetrated the occasion said to my best friend on the faculty, "Wasn't it awful?" "Absolutely disgraceful." "I can't understand how they could have done such a thing. . . . Let's have another."

Which poses the question I could not even conjecture an answer to for years: why do people arrange and throng to symposiums? To learn something? Plainly sentimental of me. Sheer masochism? Perhaps, but hopelessly vague.

I narrowed this down to one manifestation of the common American urge to be cheated, the urge which advertising exploits in a myriad of ways—50 Girls Count Them 50—and which is as good an explanation for the popularity of pornography, for the chicness of voyeurism, as I know. But this cheat-me urge, though it seems to be important all right, baffles me. I keep looking for another explanation so as not to be stuck with this utterly perverse insanity. I've come up with a pretty good one.

The lousiest symposium I ever witnessed took place at Buffalo a few years ago. David Posner was the moderator. Robert Creeley was on it. Snodgrass was standing in for Randall Jarrell, and Robert Graves for Hugo Williams. Appropriately enough, Marshall McLuhan happened to be in town at the time, for this poets' symposium had no real content but the symposiasts themselves. Posner, who was handsome, profiled to nonexistent TV cameras. Creeley mumbled

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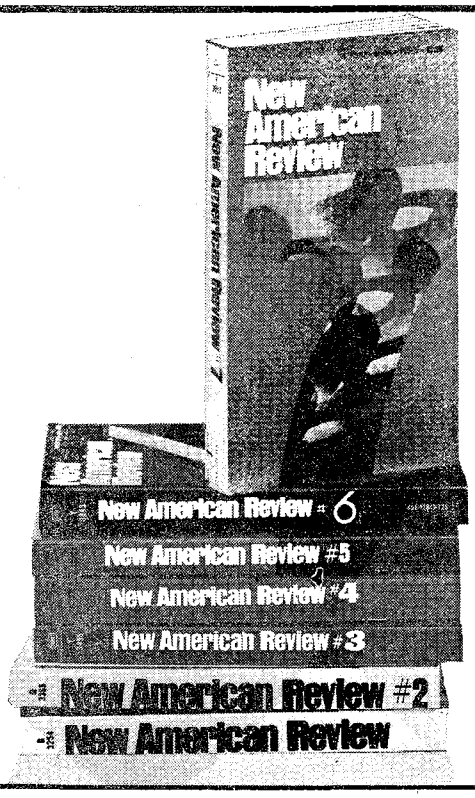

Philip Roth's Portnoy. Jane Jacobs' cities. William H. Gass's Holocaust. Stanley Kauffmann's *Times*. Eric Salzman's music.

And now Kate Millett's Sexual Politics.

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Rosalyn Drexler's "Like . . .," a backhanded love story from the contemporary underground; "Illumination Rounds," Michael Herr's extraordinary reportage of the surreal warfare in Vietnam; and "Don't You Wish You Were Dead," a shattering story about three disturbed boys, by L. Woiwode.

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earnestly. Graves sort of picked his nose, flirted egregiously with a woman in the third row, and collected his $1,000. Snodgrass was a boob: he tried to say something. Under such circumstances he actually said something! Graves, no boob he, threw his left arm across Snodgrass' shoulders and with his right hand slipped a blade between his ribs. "I can't understand all these big words you're using. Why don't we get down to poetry again?" And he lapsed into Greek. In the middle of the Party After, I found myself chatting with Mrs. Leslie Fiedler, when up rushed Snodgrass. "Wasn't it awful?" "Absolutely disgraceful," I replied. "He ought to be shot." "I've never felt like such a fool in my life." "Oh, Mr. Snodgrass," said Mrs. Fiedler and I hurriedly introduced them, "I thought you did a fine job." "*Wha-at?* You saw what that son of a bitch did to me?" "Oh yes, but that's nothing. There're just two reasons for a poet to get up in front of an audience, to read his poetry or to display himself, and I thought you did a fine job of displaying yourself."

Ah ha. She was right: spectacle. But I still couldn't figure what the audience was getting out of it, really. A poet on display without his poetry? I'd rather watch 50 Girls Count Them 50 any day, and so, I assumed, would anyone else in his right mind.

Then last year came that symposium after which I lied to the young about why I'd been on it, and things fell into place. The next day I talked on the phone with the editor who had arranged the whole bash. People had been telling him what a great occasion it was; so I told him, with a sort of New Year's resolution fervor in my voice, that I was never going to be on another symposium in my life. (I've only contracted for one since then, only one, the *very* last one.) I assured him that all the other symposiasts, except for the symposiarch (a reviewer famous for his unkind wit), shared my view of the occasion. Then the editor said something to this effect: people come to see some writers they have read and heard about perform. It's like releasing four or five dangerous animals in a pit to see what they will do to one another. They sniff, they snarl, they scuffle, they. . . . Even if they do nothing more, that is in itself interesting.

Think of the best symposium that ever was or is likely ever to be, that Platonic all-night drinking party of which Socrates was the symposiarch, of which the subject was love. Then imagine their doing it for money in front of 1,000 paying spectators avid for gore. . . .

By setting intelligent or talented people against one another under circumstances which make them appear stupid, silly, vicious and cheap, the symposium gives a crowd the leveling pleasure of being intellectually cheated and gladiatorially satisfied at the same time. Any way you look at it, the audience gets what it came for. And the beasts? Some publicity anyhow.

Mexican-American Literature

EL ESPEJO—THE MIRROR: Selected Mexican American Literature. *Edited by Octavio I. Romano-V. Quinto Sol Publications. 241 pp. $4.95. Paper $2.95.*

PHILIP DARRAUGH ORTEGO

Mr. Ortego is a member of the English Department at New Mexico State University where he teaches courses in Spanish and Latin American literature. He is currently working on a study of the Mexican-Americans.

El Espejo—The Mirror is a brown paperback book reflecting "brown" literary hopes and aspirations in this country. Though a few Mexican-American writers have been published in various little and national magazines, and a few like Julian Samora (*La Raza*) and Ernesto Galarza (*Merchants of Labor*) have written books, *El Espejo* represents the first fruits of a struggling nascent effort on the part of a *nueva ola* (new wave) of literary Mexican-Americans. *El Espejo* probes for its relevance in the Mexican-American experience, an experience which has heretofore been articulated only at the fringes of American literature.

El Espejo is a collection of painfully honest writing by Mexican-Americans who, having found their literary voice, have created their own outlet in Quinto Sol Publications for what they consider to be Mexican-American alternatives for Mexican-American problems and affairs. *El Espejo* is the natural issue of Quinto Sol's quarterly publication, *El Grito*, in which some of the selections first appeared.

Significantly, the emblem of this *nueva ola* is the great Aztec seal which dominates the title page of *El Espejo*, identifying the Quinto Sol writers with the Indian roots of their heritage rather than with the romanticized and fictitious templar tradition of the Spanish Southwest. And in the preface is the explanation for the title:

> To know themselves, to know who they are, some need nothing more than to see their own reflection. Therefore . . . *The Mirror-El Espejo.*
>
> May this book serve as a mirror for the many who see themselves herein.

Of course, many—especially Mexican-Americans—may see only a sad countenance reflected in *El Espejo*. The point of departure of the first story, Silvio Villavicencio's "El Espejo" (from which the volume derives its name), is the Biblical observation: they have eyes, yet they see not. "Look at your eyes," the protagonist commands himself. "Look at yourself in the mirror and see those dark and viscous things in yourself." Something explodes inside the man and he kills his pregnant mistress, starkly commenting that "a person is like a clock put into motion by sinister hands." For Villavicencio, one of the most articulate spokesmen of the "new wave," the human spirit, trodden and depressed, seeks identity in the violation of those who pretend to love it.

Perhaps no history of a people has been more obscure, more apocryphal, and so utterly misapprehended by the majority of Anglo-Americans than the history of Mexican-Americans, for they continue to exist in the United States as an "invisible minority." In a piece entitled "Goodbye Revolution—Hello Slum," Octavio Romano, a Berkeley-trained anthropologist, shows that Mexican-Americans are not attempting to maintain an idiosyncratic identity but rather that they are Americans with as rich a heritage as any other group of Americans. Romano deplores the fact that "in the millions of words about Mexican-Americans that issue from the pens of the social scientists, there is nothing of the breath of Zapata, even less of Juarez." He is distressed that in the "quest for the quaint" social scientists have confused Mexican-Americans with Mexicans; he insists on replacing the stereotyped concept of a "traditional" Mexican-American culture with the concept of a "historical" one.

That the problems of Mexican-Americans relate to American life, not Mexican life (just as the problems of Anglo-Americans relate to American life, not English life) is best illustrated in Rudy Espinosa's piece, "Que tal, Rocha?" which memorably details a "fragmented journey" from San Francisco's County Hospital, where he was born, to the groves of academe. Espinosa writes that along his academic journey he learned it was not material comfort he sought but the knowledge of how to live with his fellow man and with himself as a Mexican-American. This realization had its roots in an act of human kindness for his buddy Rocha, an illiterate Mexican-American from San Antonio whom he knew in the Army. The painful quest

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for identity is the theme of a good many of the stories in the volume. An example is the story by Carlos G. Velez, in which Ricardo Gonzalez explains to an Anglo friend that he is Chicano, not Spanish. Reacting to the rejoinder, "Oh, you mean Mexican," Ricardo "remembered feeling the pang of shame when he heard the word 'Mexican.' It seemed as if every time he had heard the word, someone had spit it out like a wad of phlegm."

Perhaps the best works of fiction in *El Espejo* are those by Nick Vaca and Octavio Romano. While Vaca works in what might be termed a "mixed media," Romano works within the framework of traditional narrative. Vaca's story of "The Week of the Life of Manuel Hernandez" may be architectonically more interesting, but Romano's tale of "A Rosary for Doña Marina" functions in a moral dimension we can more readily perceive and acknowledge.

"A Rosary for Doña Marina" relies on historical emblems: Romano's Doña Marina emerges as a solitary penitent, hurrying to her Friday evening rosary. The historical counterpart of Doña Marina is "la Malinche," mother of la Raza, forever darkly garbed and penitent for her betrayal. Vaca's story is structurally experimental. "The Week of the Life of Manuel Hernandez" begins on Monday, March 9, 1943, and ends on the day of his death, Sunday, March 14, 1968. Thus our view of Hernandez is spatial rather than sequential. While Romano exhibits a keen sense of the historical, Vaca demonstrates a percipient sense of the existential. In two other stories Vaca ploys the mixture of English and Spanish to good advantage in defining place and character in the Mexican-American experience. In "The Purchase," for instance, Doña Lupe utters:

> Ave María Purísima, I must make another pago hoy or else it'll be too late. Si, too late and then what would I do? Christmas is so close and if I don't hurry con los pagos I'll have nothing to give any of mis hijos. . . . Santo Niño de Atocha, if Christmas should come and catch me sin nada I would never sleep well por el resto de mi vida.

This is "binary phenomenon" at its best, that is, where the linguistic symbols of two languages are *mixed* in utterances using either language's syntactic structure.

But the poetry perhaps best captures the bilingual spirit of the Mexican-American experience. Here are two examples:

Mis ojos hinchados
flooded with lágrimas
de bronce
melting on the cheek bones
of my concern
razgos indígenas
the scars of history on my face
and the veins of my body
that aches
vomito sangre
y lloro libertad
I do not ask for freedom
I am *freedom*

Alurista

The weight of despair
The weightlessness of
Exhilaration?
Ambiente—
Transparent como
Una jolla, opaca como
El Carbón, heavy like
a feather—carga fija
Del hombre marginal.

Jose Montoya

There is no "cultivated" urbanity in *El Espejo*, only the rough-hewn insistence on recognition of a people who are as individually different as other Americans. All in all, *El Espejo* is a promising collection of Mexican-American literature. And though Mexican-Americans have yet to produce their Ralph Ellison, Bernard Malamud, and the like, we can see in *El Espejo* the emerging images of such writers. The selections in the volume are like fragmentary reliefs hinting at what is still to be found in the digging.

The Trial of Wole Soyinka

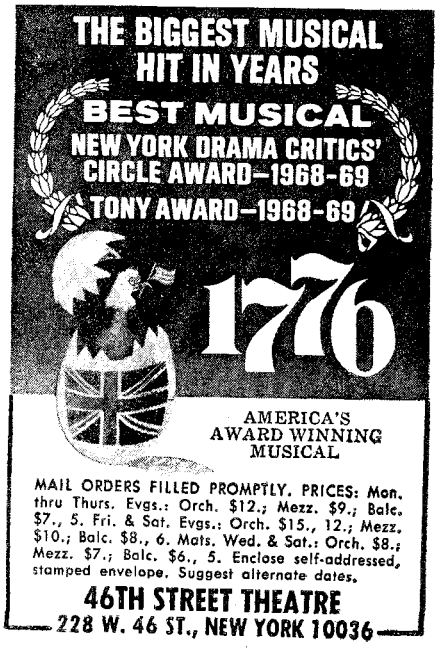
CHARLES R. LARSON
Mr. Larson teaches comparative literature at Indiana University, and is general editor of Collier Books' African/American Library.

Wole Soyinka—the brilliant Nigerian playwright, poet and novelist—has been in prison for twenty-two months and for the last eighteen in solitary confinement in a small cell in the prison at Kaduna in Northern Nigeria. Ostensibly, the charges against him are that he aided the Biafran rebels at the outbreak of the current Nigerian-Biafran civil war. Soyinka himself has referred to his trip to Eastern Nigeria (Biafra) as a "peace mission." However vague the charges against Soyinka may be, the Nigerian Government has seen fit to detain the gifted writer for nearly two years without trial.

Inevitably, with the secrecy and confusion surrounding Soyinka's detention, the number of myths and rumors regarding his existence have noticeably increased. (There have been few official Nigerian statements about his condition ever since he was moved to the Kaduna prison; in a recent issue of *The New York Times* it was reported that Soyinka is supposedly ill.) Shortly after his imprisonment, however, prison authorities leaked out the story that Soyinka had tried to escape—that was in October 1967. More recently, in a number of letters smuggled out of his prison cell, Soyinka denied this attempted escape along with the original charges which were made against him. There have also been a repeated number of rumors of Soyinka's supposed death. *Books Abroad* published an obituary in its Winter, 1969 issue, and then in the following issue declared that their information was incorrect. A public announcement at a Library of Congress poetry reading also reported Soyinka's demise in the Kaduna prison.

Now word has been received that earlier this year at the University of Ghana a drama based on Soyinka's imprisonment was presented under the direction of James Gibbs, who also wrote the play. (Gibbs, an Englishman, has long been interested in Wole Soyinka's career. In 1966 he wrote a thesis on Nigerian drama at the American University in Washington, D.C. Since that time Gibbs has been teaching in Africa and carefully following the fate of Wole Soyinka.) Gibbs gave his drama the title: *A Selection of Some of the Verse, Plays and Prose of Wole Soyinka as Presented by Inmates of the Federal Prison at Kaduna under the Direction of Prisoner Jaguna.* The play's significance lies not in its literary or propagandistic merits (strongly pro-Soyinka) but in suggesting the great interest African students and intellectuals all over the continent are taking in Soyinka's yet to be decided fate.

Gibbs's play might more aptly be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called *The Spurious Trial of Wole Soyinka by the Government of Nigeria under the Direction of Jaguna.* In the play, bits and pieces of Soyinka's writings are quoted out of context by Jaguna, a corrupt Nigerian official, to make it appear that Soyinka has long been guilty of treason. (Readers familiar with Soyinka's writings will recognize the name "Jaguna"; in Soyinka's tragedy, *The Strong Breed*, Jaguna, the staunch upholder of tradition, sacrifices his daughter's fiancé rather than permit progress to change the traditional culture.)

The trial, which is mostly a dialogue between Soyinka and Jaguna, begins with an attempt to ridicule the prisoner Soyinka for his wasted Western education. Jaguna states: "Your lack of patriotism continually astounds me. . . . You have the good fortune to go to England, and, at a time when the country is crying out for lawyers and . . . scientists, you study English." Jaguna next makes reference to Soyinka's famous drama, *A Dance of the Forests*, which was given official performances at the Nigerian independence celebrations in 1960, describing it as "a totally distorted impression of our nation and our national heritage." Even Soyinka's famous rejoinder to negritude ("Why should you bother about your negritude; does a tiger bother about his tigritude?") is used to mock the Nigerian playwright. Jaguna says, "there aren't any tigers in Africa. . . . Aren't our African animals good enough for you?" The play ends with a distorted summary of an article Soyinka published in *Transition* (the defunct Ugandan publication whose editor has recently undergone a fate similar to Soyinka's):

The Political Prisoner says that African writers have betrayed themselves and the humanitarian ideals for which Africa stood in the colonial period. The Political Prisoner says that African writers have devoted most of their energies to celebrating a largely imaginary past, propounding a myth of racial essence and describing a romanticized version of the day to day life of their societies. They have been manipulated by their political "leaders." They have blinded their eyes to vision and held their tongues from criticism. The African writers have been inactive while "the black tin gods" of independent Africa have established regimes as oppressive as those of the white racists. The regimes of Nkrumah and Banda, the Political Prisoner maintains, are as bad as the regimes of Vorster and Wallace. It is thanks to these "black tin gods," the Prisoner continues, that Africa has become, once again, the setting for genocide. At present the campaigns are on a smaller scale than European ones, but, the Prisoner suggests, this is only due to a temporary lack of scientific organization.

Gibbs has written a bitterly ironic play which reflects the insecure position of the intellectual in Africa today and the political inanities of the Nigerian-Biafran war. A leading African intellectual (who will remain unnamed) recently wrote: "One wants to scream against this numbers act, against the whole of the Nigerian Government and Britain and Russia. How irrelevant all the fucking negritude romanticism in the face of all these numbers." Gibbs's drama leaves a taste of bile. If Soyinka ever is brought to trial, this is probably the way his "trial" will be carried out.

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New Poetry from Europe

HENRY TAYLOR

Mr. Taylor teaches English at the University of Utah. He has published a volume of poems, The Horse Show at Midnight *(LSU Press), and translations in various anthologies. He is now completing a translation of Euripides'* The Children of Herakles *for Atheneum.*

The Swallow Press, in cooperation with the British firm of Rapp and Whiting, has released eight volumes in a new Poetry Europe Series. (There should be nine volumes; the most recent is so numbered; but the fifth volume, Gunnar Ekelöf's *Late Arrival on Earth*, has been delayed.) The publishers' admirable aim is to "make available in English, often for the first time, the work of the most distinguished European poets," and to "present, in uniform editions, the best of that poetry in the best available translations."

So far, the series consists of three poets from France, and one each from Germany, Spain, Finland, Israel and the Netherlands. On the whole, the translations are quite good, though there are exceptions. One difficulty which shows up in a number of the books is that British translationese is more obvious to the American ear than American translationese might be; a Scotsman's idiomatic rendering of Dutch slang, for example, is likely to be as puzzling to us as a literal translation. This is a minor difficulty in view of the large service the series performs, but it could perhaps be straightened out by a strong-minded editor on the American end of the partnership.

The other exception is more specifically located in the fourth volume, *Concerning the Angels*, by Rafael Alberti, the great Spanish poet who began writing at about the same time as Lorca. Geoffrey Connell is clearly an authority on Alberti's work; his introduction to the volume is the best in the series. Unfortunately, he is no poet. He says in his introduction that he has tried to avoid the use of English poetic conventions, trying instead to find equivalents for Alberti's syllabic meters and his dependence on assonance instead of strict rhyme. In short, he has tried to give us the sound of the Spanish, to follow the ancient and impossible dictum, "Give us the original." What we have instead is material for a new *Stuffed Owl*:

The flower of wine, never having tasted tea,
without ever having seen a boudoir grand.

Four coopers are daubing the barrels with whitewash.
The sweet white wines, weeping, too soon must leave the land.

It would have been better to place Connell's introduction ahead of someone else's translations, the procedure followed in the best volume in the series, Johannes Bobrowski's *Shadow Land*. The translations, by Ruth and Matthew Mead, bring into English a directness, a concern for the moods that lurk in nature, and a control of music which, even in translation, establish the late East German poet's place in the front rank. The brief but authoritative introduction has been provided by Michael Hamburger,

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who knows as much about recent German poetry as anyone in England.

Two other poets, David Rokeah and Remco Campert, have also been blessed with translations done in collaboration. Rokeah's *Eyes in the Rock* contains versions done by eleven translators, some working from the original Hebrew and some, more established poets such as Christopher Middleton and Michael Hamburger, working from versions supplied by the poet. The effect of a joint effort of this kind is to break down the barriers often imposed by a single translator's idiosyncrasies. Rokeah comes through as a poet of *things*, of the concrete and immediate image; in this he is similar to Bobrowski, though Bobrowski gives more room to the areas of statement demanded by the imagery. (It is odd that the volume has no introduction; it would seem that someone in this large group could have done it, and it is disappointing not to have one.)

The other collaboration, between John Scott and Graham Martin, is a selection from the work of Remco Campert, a remarkably energetic Dutch writer. Though he is only 40, he has published eleven collections of poems, five collections of stories and four novels. His poems arouse interest in the balance they strike between confessionalism (in one poem he expresses admiration for Anne Sexton) and detached irony (in other poems he acknowledges a debt to Auden). The result of the balance is that a deep anguish often comes through a series of cynical observations. The difficulty with slang which I mentioned earlier is all the more annoying because of Campert's many references to totems of the "now" generation—Bogart, Jane Fonda, even (pun intended?) Dutch Schultz. Campert's offhand style, as rendered in this volume, is often stiff to the American ear: "Come, let's drink lots of whisky/ from a glass or from the bottle,/ so long as it reaches the stomach."

Each of the other volumes has been translated by one person. As I have indicated, this involves some risks, but most of the work here is first rate. The youngest poet in the series, Pentti Saarikoski, has been ably translated from the Finnish by Anselm Hollo. Saarikoski's human involvement is total, which means that he can write unself-consciously of things which often embarrass poets in this country—the act of writing, for instance, is mentioned casually in several of these poems. But most important is the ease with which Saarikoski can write about politics. Political realities, such as the short distance from his home to Leningrad, are immediately available to him as human realities—*other* human realities, I should say, but American political poetry has conditioned me to expect effort and posturing which do not appear in this book.

That there are three French poets already in the series throws things off balance, I trust temporarily; for while I would not do without any of these, I look forward to work from other countries—Italy, Russia and Poland, for example. But these three poets have been well selected, for they represent a wide range of ages and approaches.

Jouve is an elder statesman, one of the most important figures in French poetry of this century. Keith Bosley's translations exhibit a delicacy of ear and a deftness which are required by Jouve's somewhat atypical use of the French language. His poetry is dense and ambiguous, occupied with the relationship between form and reality, and that between God and nothingness. Dadelsen is atypical in a different way. Where Jouve rarely relies on the proverbial lucidity of the language, Dadelsen is direct; but he has released himself from the concerns with precision which have been inherited from Valéry. Dadelsen's poems have great energy and personal power, but they are marked with a certain impatience; there is a driving urge to *get it said*. This is accomplished most overwhelmingly in "Easter 1957," a long confessional in which the poet's knowledge of impending death (he died of brain cancer in June 1957) acts in some miraculous way as a restraint; the control in this poem bears out Lucie-Smith's statement that writing was, for Dadelsen, "an existential act of faith."

The Ring Around the World is a selection from five of Jean L'Anselme's fifteen books, and it is one of the liveliest collections in this series. Michael Benedikt has been able to bring into English the peculiarities of each of L'Anselme's several styles and methods, and these are various, for L'Anselme is a ceaseless experimenter. He displays a wild humor in some of his experiments, such as his reproduction of newspaper clippings as "found poems," but through it all comes the sense of a genuine struggle to come to terms with a world in which poetry seems to him increasingly hard to justify.

Though there is still insufficient uniformity in the series as a whole, these eight books make a successful beginning, and will fill a definite need in this country and in England. I look forward to more, for if there are deficiencies, the worst of these is still worth having; the best are indispensable.

Poetry Europe Series*

SHADOW LAND. *By Johannes Bobrowski. Translated by Ruth and Matthew Mead, with a Foreword by Michael Hamburger. 63 pp.*

JONAH. *By Jean-Paul de Dadelsen. Translated with an Introduction by Edward Lucie-Smith. 67 pp.*

HELSINKI. *By Pentti Saarikoski. Translated with an Introduction by Anselm Hollo. 48 pp.*

CONCERNING THE ANGELS. *By Rafael Alberti. Translated with an Introduction by Geoffrey Connell. 65 pp.*

LATE ARRIVAL ON EARTH. *By Gunnar Ekelöf. Translated by Robert Bly and Christina Paulston, with an Introduction by Eric Lindegren.*

THE RING AROUND THE WORLD. *By Jean L'Anselme. Translated with an Introduction by Michael Benedikt. 47 pp.*

EYES IN THE ROCK. *by David Rokeah. Translated by Bernard Lewis, Colin Falck, Michael Hamburger, Michael Bullock, et al. 78 pp.*

IN THE YEAR OF THE STRIKE. *By Remco Campert. Translated with an Introduction by John Scott and Graham Martin. 60 pp.*

AN IDIOM OF NIGHT. *By Pierre Jean Jouve. Translated by Keith Bosley. 80 pp.*

*Published by The Swallow Press. $4.95 each.

ART

LAWRENCE ALLOWAY

This column is for criticism, not news, but here is some news of the 1969-70 season, in the form of pre-emptive criticism. This month the Museum of Modern Art and the Guggenheim Museum will show, respectively, Claes Oldenburg and Roy Lichtenstein in retrospective exhibitions—large ones. In February there will be a Jim Dine retrospective at the Whitney Museum and two Andy Warhol museum shows are scheduled. A retrospective is announced by the Pasadena Art Museum for May and though the Whitney has been rumored for a New York showing, no date is set. Warhol has also done a show called "Raid the Icebox" for which he went through the reserve collections of the museum of the Rhode Island School of Design and dug out 400-odd objects. (This show of a museum's underside will be seen in Hous-

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ton, New Orleans and Providence between October and April 1970.)

Clearly it is to be (among other things) a Pop season. The fact that all these museums are putting on large shows by the artists called Pop is admirable; it is proof that the narrowing of the time lag between museum programs and present styles of art, to which post-World War II museum policy leads, has not abated. On the other hand, there is a question about the way museums handle the *early* retrospectives of artists. When an artist, though still young, has been around long enough to stand a big show, the museum gets into unnoticed problems of interpretation. If what I am writing is to serve as a piece of pre-emptive criticism, a prophecy is in order: my guess is that the catalogues of these shows will protect each artist from Pop art as a movement.

In a survey of Pop art, in either book or exhibition form, Lichtenstein, Oldenburg, Dine and Warhol would, to say the least, be prominent. In monographs and retrospectives, however, individual artists usually appear in holy isolation. The internal sequence of an artist's work has a good chance of being decently charted but his context and contacts are rarely pursued. The implication is that compared to the richness of an artist's *oeuvre* any movement is necessarily fragmentary and constricting. Last year's retrospective of Robert Indiana (Institute of Contemporary Art, University of Pennsylvania) is typical, with such catalogue statements as, Indiana's "concerns are broader than those of the Pop artists. . . ." As the work of a decade or so is collected together, an artist's special habits of mind and hand become clear, often for the first time, and this is properly a main subject of discussion. The stress on personal identity, however, often becomes infatuation and the public form of infatuation is promotion. The artist's life gets told as from his mother's point of view.

It is true that the early showing of a young artist in a group tends to be celebrated by overestimating the novelty of the work ("at last, a viable post-Freudian art," or "X has released art from the strait jacket of the Renaissance, or tonal values, or the flat rectangle, etc."). The later appearance of the artists who keep going are interpreted differently. Radical artists become celebrated in the highly traditional terms of a self-made, self-contained identity. It seems that the reward for youthful *avant-gardism* is conservative individualism; from the *all new* to *the same thing*. Ideas are for the young; after that, there's only art defined as the release of autographic largess.

The process by which *avant-garde* groups form (like the Earthworks artists, like the Pop artists ten years ago) goes something like this. Separated people converge on the basis of shared interests and attitudes; their common position is drafted by group exhibitions (whether there are formal manifestoes or not is unimportant). The group exists in terms of mutual understanding and feedback for a few years; this is the time when any criticism attached to it exaggerates its novelty, but has the virtue of being speculative. When the time for retrospectives and monographs comes round all this is inverted; there is a rite of passage to routine individuality for all.

A group show which aims to firm up a present diffuse activity is scheduled for the Whitney next month called, I'm sorry to say, "Human Concern/Personal Torment" (earlier title: "The Grotesque in American Art"). I hope to return to it later, but one point can legitimately be made in advance: it consists of artists who have consented to being grouped in some kind of expressionist-protest continuum. However, when the retrospectives of Richard Lindner, Lucas Samaras, Peter Saul or Ernest Trova come along, to name four of the exhibitors, you may be sure that they will be only towering individuals, not associates of movements.

My objections have nothing to do with retrospectives as such but with the custom of their organizers of turning each artist's individuality into a mummy case with a fixed likeness on it. American artists seem forced to move from topicality (for instance, the early phase of Pop art, the present phase of Earthworks, possibly the emergence of protest art forms round about now) to normalized individuality (which is Pop art's present social standing). The artist's accumulated tensions with other artists and the desire of museum writers for timeless, noncontroversial greatness in their subjects, support each other to produce insipid heroes.

The term Pop art served to identify something for which no other term was available at the time: it indicated a *shared* historical circumstance. I'm not writing in defense of the term because it seems to have derived from me, because this season's problem is recurrent. The Abstract Expressionists were first recognized as a group, in terms of "a new force in American art," or some such topic, and sorted out as individuals later. For all their personal irreconcilability, a historical identity unlike that of preceding or later painters, unites them. Pop art is the common point among the forthcoming retrospectives and historical questions like these arise. Will the text on Lichtenstein discuss his Arte Déco imagery in relation to other artists' interests in the period? Oldenburg's monumental plaque "Céline" had a projected sequel which was not made, "Dubuffet"; will the influence of Dubuffet on Oldenburg be discussed? Will Dine's early relation to Oldenburg be fully documented in his catalogue? These are the kinds of contextual matters which, to judge from recent catalogues, are likely to be played down or passed over.

Since museum staffs work with a fair amount of time for research and even thought, they are, of all the groups who contribute their bit to the literature of art, in a good position to contextualize their subjects. On the whole they have not done this, seeming more interested in opposing the rhetoric of the *avant-garde* with a rhetoric of institutionalization. I hope for fewer candidates for the art world's crowded Mount Rushmore and a stronger sense of short-term art history from this season's museum catalogues.

LETTERS *(Continued from page 234)*

Bell System boasts that it has changed the interior of the dial telephone only three times in the past twenty-five years (see *The Wall Street Journal*, Oct. 15, 1965). Any company in a competitive industry would be ashamed to make that statement about its product.

AT&T at present is telling us about the marvels of new services the public will begin to receive when the now available electronic switchboards become commonplace. We are advised, however, that we must wait until the present electro-mechanical systems wear out before enjoying the electronic wonders of the 1960s. Thus "Bell doesn't expect to have electronic switching systems in all its central offices till the year 2000." (*Business Week*, Nov. 20, 1965.) Meanwhile, the company is busily tying up CATV systems with restrictive leases so that cable television cannot offer these same services thirty-five years earlier. (See *Life*, Nov. 18, 1966.)

Willis Park Rokes

P.S. There were a couple of typographical errors in my article concerning dates: AT&T indicated that Picturephone could be installed in the home merely by adding an extra line in 1956, not 1965. Also, the year the company began to face a formidable opponent, the fashion-conscious housewife, was 1962, not 1952.

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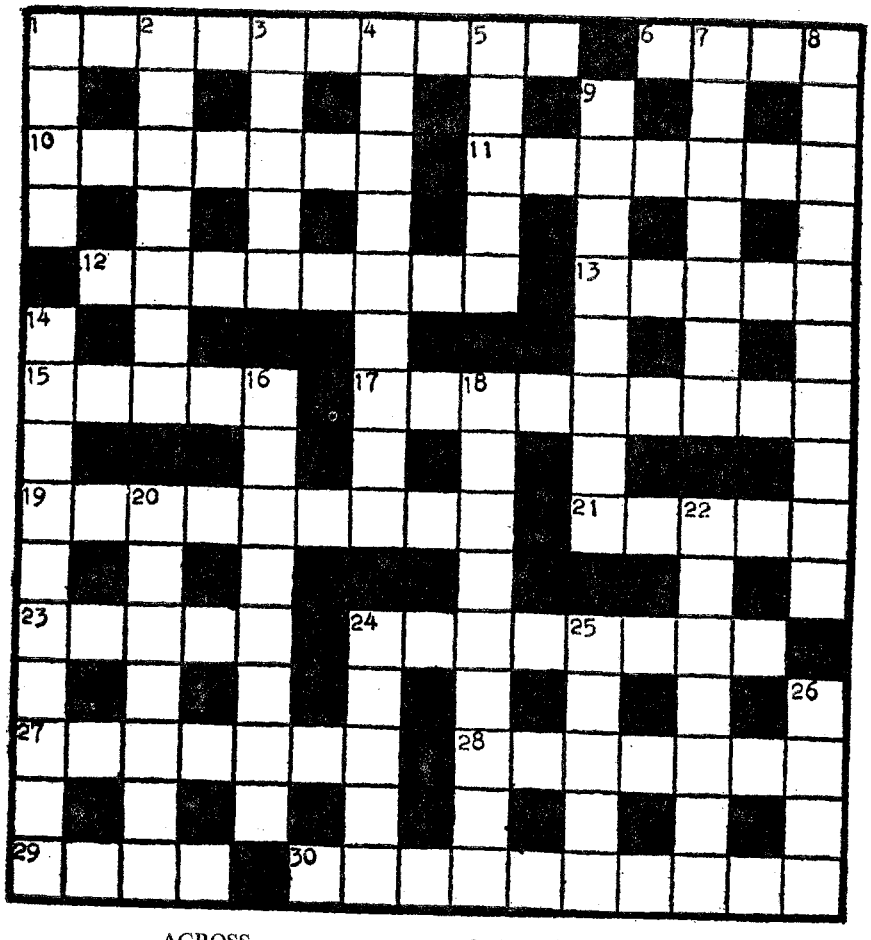
Crossword Puzzle No. 1312

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

1 Saw nothing strange in making capital! (10)
6 Look both ways, as some birds do. (4)
10 He might have a lot to offer. (7)
11 See 28 across
12 The weapon cost might be steep! (8)
13 The one who hits a high ball isn't the type who slips in another sport. (5)
15 29 over? It's the one so marked! (2-3)
17 It might offer a writer protection to reproduce something correctly. (9)
19 Though asleep, can somehow create an old-fashioned estate, in part. (9)
21 Prohibition might come back at a sign of disapproval. (5)
23 Another version might be a sort of rime. (5)
24 One sometimes does with a log. (Exhaust the most common association.) (8)
27 Going to it certainly doesn't show one is lukewarm. (7)
28, 29, 16 down and 11 across There's no recommendation of a single revolution involved! (3,4,4,8,7)
30 Stage version of Little Red Ridinghood? (It should be easy!) (6,4)

DOWN

1 and 26 down Is it practical to put in eight hours? (8)
2 Obviously it should end in a road, in the main use. (3,4)
3 And obviously bristles have fiber. (5)
4 A bad golfer can make a "birdie," nevertheless! (9)
5 One might find the early American circle over-wise. (5)
7 Resounding? (7)
8 A puncture has no indication of loudness in final emphasis. (10)
9 It's a sign of submission to crudely strip one of the foremost things in craft. (8)
14 In addition this fits flexible people to a T. (10)
16 See 28 across
18 Such children are probably not yet classed as such. (9)
20 One might be headed for the office at his pleasure. (7)
22 A bird ran awkwardly in where some games are played. (4,3)
24 The wood sounds like a good vacation spot. (5)
25 Worries about part of the design? (5)
26 See 1 down

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1311

ACROSS: 1 Prehistorical; 10 In bed; 11 Abominate; 12 Left-overs; 13 Gores; 14 Stranglehold; 19 and 8 Twenty-dollar bills; 22 Ardor; 24 Something; 26 Ennui; 27 Dissimilitude. DOWN: 2 Rebuff; 3 Hydrostat; 5 Odors; 6 Icing; 7 Anacreon; 9 Seaside; 15 Gold medal; 16 Enactment; 17 Strands; 18 New Delhi; 20, 4 and 25 Signed, sealed and delivered; 21 Again; 23 Rives; 24 Scrim.

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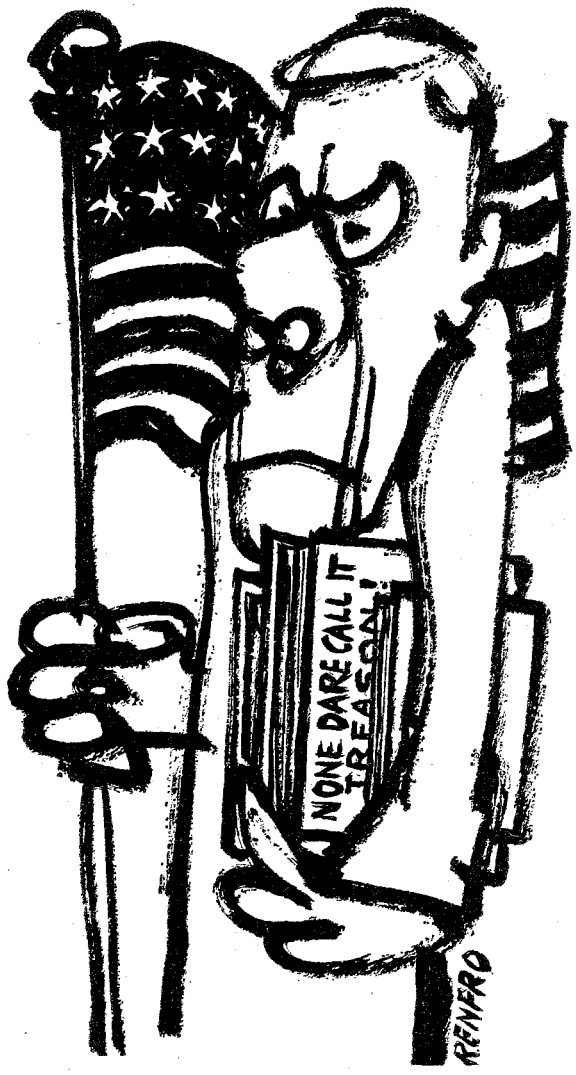

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